National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXVIII. NO. 30. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867. WHOLE NO. 1,434

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 30 Nassau Street, New York

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

THE "PERILS OF THE HOUR."

ADDRESS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE series of meetings under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society concluded with an annual Festival at Horticultural Hall, on Friday evening Nov. 8. There was a large attendance, the special attraction of the evening being a promised oration by Wendell Phillips, on "The Perils of the Hour." Mr. Phillips spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The hour is one of moment; not only of apparent great material danger to the public, but it is one of which men's opinions are continually divided as to the character of the danger, and the method by which it is to be averted. Of course, in speaking of it I shall have occasion to refer to, and, perhaps to criticize, parties and men. Please understand me, that in all the process of criticism, I have no motive distinct from that of any one of you, and that is to benefit the republic; to endeavor in the speediest and easiest manner to secure the end which every good citizen has in view. I have no desire to refer to the past, except so far as it will throw light hereafter distinctly in the future. I am sure I have no desire either to wound the feelings or to mar the reputation of any American. The crew on board the ship in the toss of winds do not quarrel. There is no time for quarreling; there is no time for angry disputings. Every man fit to address his fellow-citizens is not only bound to take it for granted, but his labor is vain unless he can rightly take it for granted, that the great mass of his fellow-citizens have but one sincere, single-eyed and honest desire, and that is to serve the Republic.

In my contemplation to-day, as in the Summer of 1861, after the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, there should be neither a Republican nor a Democrat. We are all citizens. We have one longing desire, and that is to have an united country, prosperous and permanently happy. I take it for granted that every man before me, no matter what his idea may be as to the method; no matter what his preference as to men; no matter what his line of party, has but one central purpose and point, and that is, in the shortest time, at the cheapest rate, in the most effectual manner, to cure the great disease of the Republic, and to make us one again forever. So, whatever I have to say, if in the fervor of the moment I should trespass upon your sympathies, remember it was not intended for anything but to throw light on the path I think the Republic ought to tread. I consider we are to-day in as great danger as in 1861. In the great statesmanlike contest, or civil battle, we stand just where we did then. We have to call on the same loyalty for inspiration and strength. We are to dig down to the same guarantee. Every man fit to have an opinion on this question is bound to base it on the purest principles.

I believe that the idea of American civilization is a single one, the one idea of faith based on humanity, and totally unconscious of parties, of colors and of races, and all other distinctions that are accidental. I believe that the one esential idea, the underlying tendency, the point to which we gravitate is humanity, simply divested of its accidents. It is the corner-stone of the Republic. It was to rise to a noble level, it was to throw off the garnishing of wealth and moral education, not knowing exactly what they came for, that the Puritan and Cavalier, the New Englander and Virginian, came to this coast. They obeyed a great impulse which a very few of them comprehended. They built much better than they knew. It was an apparent exigency of Fortune's, that they went forth, but they were charged by God with a mission which they feebly and imperfectly comprehended: to found a State where every germ of the soil and thought that God trusted to the world should have free and undisturbed space to grow. Feeble were the faltering steps in the dark of that twilight; but a few of our fathers stumbled onward in the foundation of such a State until at last, at the dawning, the whole-souled Jefferson found the sagacity and the courage to enunciate the great principle in words for the first time in the history of the race. He discerned the great law which governed and enwrapped the mind of a continent and immortalized it in that most glorious law which is the first in the Declaration of Independence. All men are free and equal! But the men who enunciated it did not comprehend the principle, could not see its application, would have been unable to reduce it to practice. Like a thousand other instances in history, they stated a truth which they were not broad and powerful enough to practice. So, the old Colonies formed into States, retain still the rags and the sores, the hamperings and the fetters from which they sought to be free. They thought to abolish slavery partially; but all the institutions of New England were crippled by its rule, by the limitation of its wealth. As well might one attempt to breast the mighty current of Niagara, as these exceptional institutions endeavor to dam up the progress of the great idea God launched upon this race to free this continent, and secure His blessings to this land. (Cheers.)

So, then, in spite of ourselves, unconscious, if not reluctant, the race made its way forward. All the time a very few men were conscious of the antagonistic elements wrapt up in the civil life of America. No doubt a few far-sighted men standing on the highlands of thought, saw a conflict like the chaos of Milton, that surged and boiled around them; but the multitude comprehended it not. Mr. Seward touched this point in 1858, at Rochester, before he lost his brains (laughter), when he analyzed the history of the Independency of the American thought, and said our fathers knew well enough; they understood perfectly well that when they acknowledged, not guaranteed, slavery side by side with the great principle of freedom, that they were putting into the Constitution an absolute certainty of conflict. They only hoped—they did not care to expect—they only hoped that the great development of freedom, the normal unfolding of the forces of such morals, would so temper and blot out the exceptional element of slavery that perhaps America would survive, and become an unit without actual bloodshed; that party conflict, intellectual dissensions, moral quarrels, not physical, would be the worst evil that they would have to endure. That was the ultimate goal, as much as the Fathers dared to hope. In other words, as I once before illustrated it, our Fathers built a cannon, filled its bore half full of anthracite coal at white heat, poured upon it a quantity of powder, and hoped—not expected, but only hoped—it would not burst.

In 1861 the explosion came. The irresistible antagonism of the two ideas could no longer be confined within civil limits. It broke out into bullets, cannon, and vast armies. Then began a different course of American statesmanship; then was shown that God's laws never intermitted their penalties; that you cannot transgress without blinding the moral sentiments. Then when the two classes of men looked at the problem, one said we have learned, seventy years' experience is quite enough. We have decided that these two elements cannot abide side by side peaceably. The other said, No, we have learned no such thing. The old element which at one end of the line, was limited by Buchanan, and which at the other end of the line, touched the centre of the Republican party, fell withering.

We stand to-day only the grandchildren of 1801, when the old Federal element was preserved in the bosom of the Whig party; for the Genesis of ideas is as necessary for our best interest and progress as any other. Hamilton, who distrusted the masses on that side, and Jefferson who believed in nothing, fought to rule the nation; then this dastard party that stole the glorious name of Democrat, and believed neither in God nor man, clutched the hearts of the people. The lees of that incredulous spirit was still apparent in 1861. The conservative element of the Republican party could not and did not believe that the moral sense of the nation was buried. Yet, in the words of our martyr President, it was the duty of statesmanship to save slavery and the nation at the same time. The duty of the magistrate of this land was to save the nation without touching slavery. Thus was lifted the exception into the rule, giving to slavery not recognition but guarantee. Thus was put aside the *habeas corpus*, the right of personal liberty, the marriage institution, and normal elements of Saxon civilization. Any statesmanship would have said, no matter how dark the cloud, the rebellion will cease. Never mind how much protection to slavery, I mean to save this State without destroying the marriage institution; I mean to save civil freedom without destroying the elements that gave it birth. But the error of that statesmanship was that it libelled truth and put fetters on loyalty. It misunderstood the revolution; it slandered 1776 and 1789 by permitting it to go forth that the constitutional toleration of slavery was a guarantee. On the contrary, the other divergent channel of American thought said this—Ninety-hundredths of American constitutional civil life is liiberty. Ninety-nine hundredths out of every one-hundredth in the blood of each true Yankee is equality; and one-hundredth exception is slavery. Therefore, when the State is in danger, when the Republic shrieks out, I have six weapons with which to assail it. By the Army, the Navy, or the wealth. I have the blood, I have the price, I have all sorts of rule, and there lies for slavery a thunderbolt stamped by God at the moment constitutional toleration is needed. It is not only my right, it is my duty as a magistrate to seize it as to endorse it before I spend a dollar or shed a drop of blood. The policy of Washington was, we must bury a half million of men; we must empty the vaults of every bank; we must break the source of every man's industry; and then, at last, in my great grasp, I may take slavery. As a magistrate I have no right to see the moral difference between slavery and freedom. But slavery was not in the Constitution; what we call its compromises were but a film, a mere film; the screen which 1789 put between the monster and the magistrate of the Republic, and said you must not look through that screen. Hidden behind that is a sin and a fault; but with your magistrate's eyes you cannot see it. The language of all our President's from Washington down to Polk and Pierce, was, they had no right to look through that screen. But when the first gun was fired at Sumter it shrivelled up. The real power of the people rolled it up like a scroll in the flame; and for the first time in the history of the nation the eyes of the Chief Magistrate had the right to see slavery and the sin which it inflicted. He has the constitutional right, as a ruler and a magistrate, with his right hand on the Constitution.

For the first time in the history of the country the Constitution remanded its magistrate back to nature; and let him see as a President all he could see as a man. When it gave him that right, economy and patriotism and duty to the State, all the blood of our soldier heroes to insure perpetuity and promptness of results, dictated that the first thunderbolt which he hurled at the rebellion should be that which would be sure to kill it, and guarantee peace the moment it was killed. Now, my friends, as I said, there is no use in going back to the past except for the light that flashes on the present. The light thrown on the present moment from the past suggests this:—We stand at the same point of divergence to-day; and it is our privilege and right to bring back the South as she stands to-day, to the great results achieved for freedom, no matter what are the essentials. The divergent line is a thought which says to the nation in the laws of God, whether you like it or not, in the essence of things, whether you see it or not, there is but one permanent corner-stone for the peace of this people; and that is by the present recognition of the glorious results of the war. It is the fact that the negro has on this American continent every right which a white man has. (Cheers.)

Do not think the negro stands here to announce that principle or reject it in behalf of the race you represent; not in the least. The man who has here such a right to-day; the man who has the most right to fold his arms and await the future with the least anxiety; the man who is under the least cloud, is the negro. He is the only man, his is the only race, that, no matter what happens, no matter what clouds and thunderbolts break over us, can see no change that will not be for the better.

I am not just now arguing to the white race of this continent on the ground of duty; there is another argument than that—a selfish one. It is no sort of consequence what your prejudices are; it is no sort of consequence how bound you are to a certain policy. This is an evident thing—that God has not put it within the bounds of possibility that in this generation this Union should be harmoniously reconstructed with a leaving out of the negro. It cannot be done.

You may try it, but it cannot be done. Instead of holding these black men aloof, and keeping the negro at arms' length, every sensible man, with the light of history streaming over his pathway, knows that the white race should be righteous. Thank God, there are four millions of black men south of Mason and Dixon's line who have the right of the ballot! The reason why I say it is this: It is mere common sense that every man entitled to have that power, who would use it for the cause of the Union, should be entrusted with it. I have no dread, old as I am, I am not dazzled by the mere frippery and furbish of what is called statesmanship. It is all humbug. A man seated in a walnut chair, on green velvet, with ceiled roof over his head, chops logic and calls it policy, which has not begun to advance to the first requisite of being necessary. It is a rule quite general, on the contrary, that every conviction in history you meet outside of the executive and statesmanlike intellect of the age. Some men, if they went to Europe to look for statesmanship, would go to the Cabinet of the Tuileries for Napoleon, to London for Disraeli; but in an hundred years, when man hunts up the statesmanship of the nineteenth century, he will go down to the rocky island of the Italian coast, where one man, who knew what his nation needed, and knew how to achieve it, freed and reunited his country. Though, after the name of Garibaldi, should you not be ashamed that your hearts should go with him to the hills of Rome and not be at first shocked to the heart with the utterances of South Carolina and New Orleans. Statesmanship is simply to know what your land needs, and to devise the means for obtaining it. I think the time will come when perhaps amongst the foremost men of our epoch, men will find one whom they knew on the gibbet of Harper's Ferry; for that man knew how to make the consciences of millions awake into life, and to make them aghast at the awful horrors of slavery. There is true statesmanship; but, as I said, look at this subject. Only think of the pulpits of commerce and of literature wherein no one was taught these lessons! It was slavery that stood in the pulpit; it was slavery that distributed the sacramental emblems; it was slavery that edited the *North American Review;* it was slavery that presided over Harvard College; it was slavery that poisoned Chestnut street. Out of the pit you dug up the North. The conscience and the blood of the nation came up for that in torrents and defiled; and is it a wonder that it did not come out unpoisoned at the last?

Here we stand to-day, and the miracle is we were so ready in that call for the right and the true. Doubtless every man is bound to rejoice and thank God to-night when he thinks that if ten years ago I, or any one, had stood on a platform like this, and told you men of Philadelphia you shall live in ten years to see negroes dictate the law in Richmond, and seated in the Capitol of Alabama to form a Constitution for the State, you would have hissed me from the hall and sent me to a lunatic asylum. But to-day we live here to confess that we heartily recognize the permanent stride the nation has made; but there is a limit to it, as when you come to the illustration you must acknowledge.

We have got two elements at the South, black and white. In what mood of mind are they? Well, some men imagine after Antietam, and Gettysburg, and Atlanta, and the surrender of Richmond, and Lee going back to be President of a college, that every Southerner is ripe for Union. They think that a little smoke and half-a-hundred cannon on the soil of Virginia have made the South cower. My friends, if five years will turn the principles of a young and fervent man to the matured conviction of men of middle life, he is not worth the turning. The mistakes of a generation are in that way; history does not show it to be thus. God never calls for the arena of new ideas by this method. God removes great mistakes by His messenger, Death; and when a man's brain is too cold for a new idea, his heart too stiff and tight-bound to come up to any further progress, he gently hides them from the world, and gives room for the new idea to take its place.

Do you think that if Bull Run had been the last battle of the rebellion, that it would have forced Philadelphia into the belief that slavery was right? Do you think that if you were to have Bull Runs from the 22d of July, 1861, down to the trump of doom, that it would have ruined the Declaration of Independence? I will tell you, No. That when Gabriel's trump sounded you would find Massachusetts crying out, in spite of all, that man was created equal. (Cheers.) And so the same principle exists in the South. Come with me to Georgia, and I will show you a woman whose delicate hands had never done a bit of work until after she was forty years old. She had counted her revenue in her past life at from eighty to nearly one hundred thousand dollars yearly; she gave her husband and two sons to the Confederate army, and they lie under the sod of the rebellion; now she works from early dawn in caring for her boarders that she may thus earn the bread for her children. Do you think such men and women are ashamed of their convictions? Do you think they will likely part with them? We have abolished slavery; we can do it. We cannot abolish the master. If you attempt to restrict him, it will take at least from twenty to twenty-five years to elapse.

You are building on a quicksand. You have got to curb them with iron; you have got to curb them down with granite to make them safe to build upon. I appeal to philosophy; I appeal to common sense. I have no prejudice against Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, and Wade Hampton. I respect them in a certain sense as decided men. Now I know these men as exactly as I know my own impulses. I know that if you had whipped New England back to Plymouth Rock, you could not ever wipe out of her people the principles that her forefathers brought there. That is no compliment to New England; it is just as true of the South. You can never build safely on Beauregard and Hampton and others of that element. I tell you, as a student of history and as a business man, if the South was one homogeneous white race, this Union could not be restored for twenty years; the very circumstance that must be accepted by us is, that there are at the South four millions of a race that can be greatly instrumental in restoring the Union.

Now, then, from that I arrive at my idea of restoration. It is not whether I like negro suffrage or not; it is not whether it may have been the best thing or not. We don't make governments of the best things. I know that negro suffrage would lead to the prompt, reasonable, and quick restoration of the Union. There is no path to it except by negro suffrage; no other men talk in a very specious way of negro equality in South Carolina; and then weak Republicans shrink back and say, I am not in favor of negroizing South Carolina. My dear friends, the question is not what you will do or will not do; the attempt to save it by anything else is like the attempt of 1861 and 1862 to save the Union without touching slavery. Men thought they could do it; that it was their duty to do it; and they tried to do it, burying in the swamps of the Chickahominy the best blood of the nation, and expending three thousand millions of dollars. But God took them by the hand, led them up to the path in which he was willing for them to walk.

In 1863 statesmanship bowed his head, but common sense abolished slavery. In the signs of trouble men are apt to say, Don't you see the good ship of the republic to be too heavily loaded, and that you cannot swim unless you throw over the cargo of principles? I say it makes no matter what becomes of the hull when the cargo is gone; the only thing before us is to get the idea into the White House which makes the safety of the republic. I know the idea which is finally to guide this nation safely, and the only idea that can do it, is for us to finish the work God has given this nation to do. It cannot be done until a magistrate sits in the White House who is color-blind; till he does not know the colored man from the white man.

Let me say to you one thing which I think is true, and that is all that we gained, if the South comes back into Congress—all that we gained as the fruits of the war we lose if she comes back not in the hands of the negroes—we turn backward in our progress. Don't think me a fanatic—and I am only giving what Sheridan said when in Boston: "Gentlemen, I have met no loyalist in the South that did not have a black skin." (Applause.) When I say any reconstruction that does not bring those whose votes are loyalty—and, in truth, loyalty is but a synonym for black—I do not mean a few sprinkled handsfull of white men exceptional to others of the race may be allowed to come in—I mean the State must be based only on loyalty—the point which the nation touches when they come back is the advance point. It will never go beyond it.

Gentlemen, look at the history of legislation; suppose two-thirds of Massachusetts should put a prohibitory law on the statute-book; what is the history of it next year? that large minority comes up into the Legislature, and they file down, and trim down, and pare away, and undermine, and pick to pieces, and muddle, and checkmate the whole of the past legislation. The consequence is that for ten years after that statute gets on its feet its object is almost null. Take the tariff. The merchants put tariff on the statute-book by a large majority and they think the work is done. They are mistaken. For in the next Congress the minority devote themselves to filing away, confusing, muddling, putting the judiciary at the law, construing the phrases of the statute, misstating, and finally that statute is almost void in attaining the object of its creation. That is the history of legislation.

Let the angry South—the reluctant South—the dissatisfied South come back to Congress, the history of legislation will be re-enacted upon the statute-books of the country, and in ten years it is confused and undermined. You know this. It will be a most successful effort, you think, if, for instance, the South has given up every hope of retrieving their debt. Why, when the news of the late election in Pennsylvania reached Georgia in official or unofficial testimony, what did the slaveholders do? The late slave-owners made lists of their emancipated slaves, put upon them the price of 1860, got all their documents ready; for what? Simply to file them in Congress some day—and that near, they think—and claim compensation for them. The moment New England sent its returns, and Pennsylvania appeared above ground with its action, their expectations arose, and they await an opportunity to get into Congress. But you say, "Don't fear; they will never do it." Consider a moment. Suppose that South Carolina should send back a delegate to Congress, what would be its first effort—its first practical effort? There would be a bill brought on the national debt—a financial measure suggested to the Secretary of the Treasury—or a bill calling upon the country to pay the Rebel debt. The South would say, "Gentlemen, acknowledge ours and we will guarantee yours." But some of you say, Congress would never allow that—its members would not permit that. Friends, Congress is not made up exclusively of saints. (Applause.) Now and then some black sheep—some wavering, easily won men, by some mysterious accident, truly unaccountable, wriggle into Congress. If we could have the Stevenses, the Shermans, the Sumners, and the Fessendens, men who have been giving bonds for the love they felt for their children, and will leave honored names for their heirs to bear, we should have no such fear. But men wriggle up, nobody knows how, and can be easily led, having no decisive character. Such were the men, when, in 1846, Texas stood at the door, and its scrip-holder said, "Here is a million of dollars worth of Texan bonds, you may have them for five dollars a hundred to-day. You can easily pass measures to have them mature and make great profits." This was something. Some of the members say, "Ah, here is a business transaction; now we will vote to let Texas in; those bonds will mature, and we will make riches." Suppose South Carolina or Georgia should produce a million dollars worth of paper stuff, and ask simply twenty-five cents currency or five dollars in gold—they would vote right off to have the paper mature, and the million of dollars bought for five dollars—a nice financial scheme, in which lots of money would be made, and the greatness of the South vindicated. They speak to these wriggling parties in Congress, and tell them of the scheme. They say in reference to the introduction of a bill for paying the Confederate debt, its flavor is bad—it savors too much of the South; but the Southern men say, "Well, suppose you compensate us for our slaves set free; give us something—let us trade—let us trade!"

Let South Carolina be compensated for her slaves—the national credit would be depreciated, the bonds would sink, and a voice would come up from the sea-board, from the hundreds of thousands of families, saying, grant anything, but only save the credit. And when the great emergency would seem so near, the people would say, grant anything; and the object of the Southern people would be accomplished. But there never was such a people as ours. They are as true to-day as in 1862; and the warriors of this nation have made up their minds that this epoch is the epoch of justice, and with their trusted leaders they are determined to show it to the world. (Applause.)

The intellect of this great nation is like the intellect of 1862, the molten lava which cries out, "Stamp me with any name. but let it be the name of liberty." They want the world to know that they as a people will make this nation a just nation for all time; and they will do it. This is the condition of the nation. From the action of the Democratic party, the response from Ohio, the Seymours, Pendletons, Vallandigham, Woods, and others, the nation has learned a lesson. What gave us the defeat in Ohio, Connecticut, and the other States? What did this but the action of the Republican party itself, which tore up the programme into fragments, instead of keeping it whole. When, in 1867, it was declared by Congress in the Constitutional Amendment that the necessity of the hour demanded negro suffrage as a national measure, it was sent out as a policy which the nation in its hour of peril demanded—enunciated by the Republican party as a method to save the integrity and honor of the nation. And if now this great measure is to be stricken away in an hour by men coming from the South, feeling themselves endorsed in their rebellious policy—and will delay its workings—I say that we are in the trough of the sea, instead of riding on its waves. And until we set forth by a grand declaration that the measures which the nation adopted in its direst hours shall be upheld, the bonds of this nation—made to sustain the country and to aid in vindicating its honor and power—are in constant peril.

I have had a conversation with a fit representative of a portion of the Southern people; a man with whom I spent a day, born in North Carolina, a Presbyterian clergyman, and a professor in a college in a Southern State, a professor of moral philosophy, and a man who was forced into the late rebellion because everybody went into it, survived and went back to his professorship when the war ceased. Having finished the classes in the day time, he went out and taught the negroes in the night time. No sooner did his white students hear of this than they said to him: "Professor, if you teach negroes in the evening, you can't teach us in the day time. Choose!" He replied: "I do choose—the negroes in the evening!" (Applause.) And in speaking of the repudiation of the Southern debt he said—"You made us repudiate the debt, we submitted. You have put it upon record, we have done it too! but if we ever get inside of the walls of Congress, and don't pay every dollar of that debt, or exhaust all our efforts in trying to pay it, we are the veriest scoundrels God ever created." If this is the purpose of a Presbyterian clergyman, professor of moral philosophy, a retired scholar, what do you expect and think of the thousands of people who live in that section of country and the Democratic wire-pullers in that vicinity?

And what effect will all this have on the finances of the country? Don't think I make too much of finance; don't think I dwell too much upon it; don't say I make too much of the debt. Debt is simply a word of dollars and cents in France. Debt is only a question of coin and paper in England. But debt in America is a moral element. What makes the difference between the American mechanic and laborer and the Dutch, French and Italian? This is it. When Saturday night comes to that American laborer, he has a dollar left after buying all necessary for the subsistence of his family—this to have for Christmas, which, when it comes, will find him better off, with something to buy a book, paper, go to a lecture, or in sending his son to gain an education at some academy. This is the great method in which Americans live, every succeeding generation constantly stepping higher. With the German peasant it is a recurring wish that to-morrow may be as good as was yesterday. A Yankee never made that prayer. It is with him a prayer that to-morrow may be better than to-day or yesterday; and with the surplus dollar the father came to be educated, and uplifted a stage higher than his ancestors. But this debt lies like poson on American civilization and progress. Would to God that it could be paid up quickly, would to God that it could, without being thrust back by terrible revulsions in the market, because that will cause it to be as a heavy yoke passed around the neck of the American laborer wherever the flag floats. You and I know in that next move of 1868, when the American people are to choose a new inspiration for the next four years—are to launch—we should never do an act to retard the progress of the duty which shall be imposed upon us. You cannot wreck the ship, thank God! Nothing can defeat the great American people. Based on a rock the blood of our fathers cemented—standing fair on the true principles of right, the glorious ship shall float out the storm.

Some content themselves in saying, "Well, it will all be over in twenty years; we will drift along all right." No; God don't rule the world by drifts. Galveston never drifted to Philadelphia; Texas never drifted into Pennsylvania. Galveston may be lifted into Philadelphia; Texas may be moulded into Maryland; but it will be by the earnest work of the men who know and feel what they want by giving their assistance to get it! Races do not move nor drift; you sluggards will be lifted by earnest men somewhere. These men in the South will not drift, but they may be elevated. Let the world feel by our action in 1868. Let us put a right idea in the Presidential chair, such an idea as your Thad. Stevens represents. (Applause.) I don't say the man, I don't care anything for man, but I use the name of Stevens as a counter for the idea that he represents; if we put such an idea in the chair, we will gain seventy-five per cent. of what the war has earned. Put McClellan, and you will earn two and a half per cent. Grant, and you will receive forty per cent. I don't care for the names merely, I use them as symbols of the ideas they represent—all I want is to get what the blood has earned.

When I saw those boys go out of Boston—the young men from colleges and schools, the husbands from their wives, sons from their parents, it was a sad day; but sadder still when they came back with weaker ranks and banners in rags, when I saw standing about me those who sat at home and did not record one word or act—word spoken or deed of action to guarantee the terms earned by their soldiers' blood. I remember the disastrous, bloody defeat at Ball's Bluff—when the Germans of the Nineteenth Regiment lost all their officers, and the magistracy of Massachusetts sent down men there. A petition was sent back by the soldiers saying: "Tell them we are here for an idea, and ask that you should put at our head a man that has an idea for which we would be willing to die. And, now, that same petition which these Germans sent up to the Governor of Massachusetts—the men that sleep in the swamps of the Chickahominy cry out to you to put into the White House a man for whose policy they would be willing to die.

And now, fellow-citizens, whom does the voice of the nation designate as the man who is to succeed to that position? (A Voice—"Grant!") Yes, Ulysses S. Grant, the great General. Let me say that no man more readily accords him his great military fame than I do. Place him, if you will, among the Wellingtons, Napoleons, and Cæsars of history. Lie down at his feet, and thank him that by the cannon and edge of the sword he saved the Republic. When he said to the nation, "I will fight it out on this line, if it lasts forever," he meant it. Is it necessary that we should ask of such a man, who never quits the line he has once adopted, "Sir, on what do you intend to carry the nation?" He is not the man whom you can bring down by a side pressure, and mould him. He is granite. He is vim. It was because he was granite and vim that he carried us safely through Virginia.

But before you sanction for office such an one of iron will, be sure you have the right understanding. But never say—and it is a theory upon which men have their beliefs—Grant's power is his reticence. What is it? It is the symbol of aristocracy. But these men sit down at the feet of a man and accept him as a leader, because he does not tell them where he stands. Is this Democracy or Republicanism—is that genuine party interests? What did Calhoun say?—"In this country nothing can be kept secret; nothing that could be kept secret is worth keeping secret," for the genius of our institutions is publicity and giving it forth to the world. The American people boast now that its leader does not condescend to tell them what he thinks. There are two reasons why a man does not talk. One is that he has got nothing to say: that is not good to make a President of. Another is that he dares not tell what he thinks; that is not good timber to make a President of.

Every one demands that his candidate for office shall declare himself and the principles he maintains. Grant has not made this record equivocal. Gen. Grant is the only great man of the day, every one of whose abilities have been fully endorsed through his reticence, as they say. What is or who is the man, not one of whose actions has ever been known to speak? We know where Stevens, Sumner, Blair, and those men stand. They have declared themselves. We want such men—whose records are as bold as the Declaration of Independence and clear as the North Star. Let him be a Democrat, a Confederate, a Conservative, a disloyalist in the guise of a Democrat—he speaks, his very actions speak, and we know where to find him. Has Grant yet, by word or deed, spoken of where he stands, on what side, or for whom?

I am perfectly well-informed what it is that is going to rule this continent—character. Pledges do not amount to that; caucuses are unworthy the record; platforms are only convenient for certain occasions. What we want must be men of character, men of brains; because in the long run, brains always rule. The divine right of brains, right workings, and a warm heart must rule; and it is such men, with such brains, and such hearts, who should be our leaders. It should be men carved out of the character of brains and character of heart, and in this emergency, when this nation now looks forward to 1868—that great characteristic will prevail in selecting the man—a symbol of a great idea to fill the Presidential chair. If we had known this in 1864, when we sent back a rugged granite man home, and went down into the bloody soil of Tennessee and took up a drunkard, we would not now have had a national disgrace. We want a man whose bias and learning and unconscious gravitation is towards that indispensable radicalism that I have tried to describe.

Take Grant. The President sent him to make a tour through the South, and telegrams flashed back and forth from Washington to New Orleans of a great riot; that New Orleans was the scene of slaughter of patriots, black though they were. I will not impute a dishonorable act to Grant, or his motives in not going to New Orleans during that riot and putting it down, but he ought to have been at the front. He should have been there to vindicate protection to loyalty wherever it existed. Grant's duty was to prove the authority of the government, and to make the streets of Galveston and New Orleans as safe as these. During the great riot the scales hung even in the balance. Johnson, with the power of President, in one, and Sheridan, with the loyal heart, in the other.

Nobody could comprehend why the Lieutenant-General was not in New Orleans, and puting his weight into that scale with Sheridan. He should never have done as McClellan, go on board of a steamboat at a safe distance, a dozen miles from the battle. He should have gone into New Orleans, and said to the President, "Interfere with me if you dare (applause); I am military commander of the United States, entrusted and commissioned to make loyalty rule." Had he announced that purpose, and gone to New Orleans, Johnson's scale would have kicked the beam. Instead of that, he went to Chicago—went on a picnic. Think of Wellington sitting in London and told of a riot in Dublin, do you think the "Iron Duke" would have gone to shoot deer? We see men in our national Congress who have stood for long years before the people, having taken a firm, decided stand in the affairs of the nation and a voice to speak. If we had known more of the man who now occupies the office of Chief Executive, and had the admonition contained in the few words spoken by Henry Wilson in a speech delivered in his own native town in 1865—"that he knew that Johnson was a traitor"—the nation would not have been now in such a perilous position.

I was out West, and made my protest against Ulysses S. Grant, and the Republicans said one thing and then another. They placed their backs against the wall and said, "We must follow him, because if we don't, the Democrats will." (Applause). "If we do not give it to him, he will join the enemy." I don't think there is an infinitesimal homœopathic possibility that in any possible manner Grant could listen for one moment to a Democratic nomination without quitting the Republicans forever. (Applause).

Now, my friends, you say, "What is the use of talking? It cannot be averted." I don't know that; many a stranger thing has happened than that Grant should not be President. In the next twenty-four months nobody knows what is possible. Throttle that rebel in the White House. Who knows what effect that would have upon Grant's nomination? Men seem to forget impeachment (applause) does not mean merely getting rid of Andrew Johnson. Impeachment is not a barren branch throwing Johnson into the canal. Oh, no! it means a great deal more than that. Impeachment means reconstruction.

Four years ago I said in Boston that if a hundred Yankees, energetic men that build railroads to the Pacific, the men that dot continents with cities, the men that send fleets to the Indies, the men that begin with nothing and die owning a country; Yankee babies who, six months old, look over the sides of their cradles and plan out a pattern—that set of men—if a hundred such could have been trusted with the settlement of this question, and trusted with all the powers of the government, they would have finished it in a year at one-third the price that the nation did it, and give us back the States in 1863, and like a watchmaker selling a watch, guaranteed them to run for a year (applause), and I believe it. I have no doubt of it.

I have a friend in Boston who had a ship repairing at Norfolk. When they fired that Sumter gun, he heard of it. A merchant, acting on business principles—the largest result in the shortest time, at the cheapest cost—what did he do? Telegraphed down to Norfolk, "Bring my ship north of Mason and Dixon's line whether she is finished or not, no matter what condition she is in so as she will float; bring her into a free State." The captain did it, and saved his boat. The Secretary of the Navy heard that gun, sitting in Washington, surrounded with red tape, files of documents, statesman from the top of his head to the end of his beard, never did anything, and the rebels took Norfolk and $3,000,000 worth of munitions of war. I call that merchant a statesman, and I call that Secretary a fool. (Applause and laughter).

Now, then, I say if these one hundred men had been trusted with the question, they would have settled it on business principles. They would have gone down to South Carolina. They would have said: "There are 390,000 white men; there are 380,000 black men. They are inevitably loyal.

They can't help it. They could not help it if they wanted to. And these are rebels, and they could not help it if they wanted to. And they would have said: "Give the ballot to these men, give land to these men, and make a South Carolina." Shut those men out until God pardons them and the future can cultivate them. They would have given us the State.

Instead of that, statesmanship (!) puts on its spectacles, looked down South, and said: "I wonder if the negro will fight!" (Laughter.) They sent over to France. They searched the records. They got the opinion of the German metaphysicians and the ethnologists of California, and the wise men of Oxford, and the practical men of Algiers, and they made a book. It was full of figures and facts, and finally they concluded they might risk it, that, perhaps, the negro would fight. So, in the Summer of 1863, with great trembling, and believing that he was not responsible for it, and turning his eyes away from the danger, the President said to Massachusetts—"You risk it," and she sent down two regiments, and it was found that, like any animal that a had home, a child, and a wife, he would fight just as well as anybody else. They said—"I wonder if he would work." Then they went to get the opinions of college professors, and they concluded that possibly he would work.

Now, a common-sense man would have said, "Will a slave fight as well as anybody else? Will a slave work? No, if he has got any sense and can think." But will the negro fight? Yes. Will a negro work? Of course, whenever he gets paid. That would be an inevitable motive to work. (Applause.) Common sense would have said settle, the matter at once. So would the business men who went down there. We dismissed all these things. We put a President there who pardons those men and gives them back their estates, the railroads, and several millions in rolling stock. He gave up all that had been confiscated, and there it stands. Rebellion knows it. Disloyalty treads upon it. He has a treasure for it, while the negro begs for an acorn, for a foot of ground to stand on, begs rebeldom to allow him to buy a farm.

What does impeachment mean? It means, that when you have regarded it, that the President was a traitor in 1865, and that every one of his acts was traitorous, that Congress recalls the pardons and resumes the land. It means that having convicted Johnson of an intentional purpose to resist Congress and deride the course of the nation, every one of his acts since the Fall of '65 is void, and disloyalty trembles in the courts, and the property of the men in Virginia and South Carolina is the property of the nation, and loyal men are to take it and divide it. That is what impeachment means. It does not mean a mere measurable punishment of the traitor. It means setting right the actions of the man in the White House, and tearing out disloyalty, the reverse of the two years. I would impeach the President in seven days. I would dispatch him in seven more, and the next day have Congress pass a law that his pardons were void, and that the land south of Mason and Dixon's line belonged to the nation.

But you would say, "That is a very Radical measure." Yes, it is. The land is full of widows and orphans. Every hearthstone has an empty chair. Out of every table you have taken a fruit. Who shall pay you that great debt? If you had ridden as I have for five or six hours with a half idiot on the opposite side of you, a representative of Andersonville—if you had lived under the same roof, as I have for six weeks, with an only and loved boy brought home from Libby prison, a body without a soul—it took eighteen months to restore that intellect which God had given him, and all a mother's fond devotion to bring back her child—would you think any measure was hard enough to teach one section of a land that never again, by any human possibility, should one root of such bitterness be left, or one chance that any disaffection or any disloyalty should make these cradles fight over again the battles that we have once gained.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1867.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard

FOR 1868.

With the close of the year many subscriptions for THE STANDARD expire. We hope to enter upon the new year 1868, not only with all such subscriptions renewed, but with large accessions to our present list.

Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured. The old controversy has not been definitely ended. It has again passed from the bloody arena of the battle-field to the sphere of politics and diplomacy. The recent elections present a fearful record of unrelenting prejudice against the colored race. They have revived the forlorn hopes, and renewed the desperate energies of the discomfited rebels at the South. We had fondly hoped that we were well nigh at the end of the struggle for equal freedom, irrespective of color, but through treachery, and the want of enlightened, conscientious statesmanship we are involved in a conflict of still momentous importance. Many politicians who, during the war, were willing to accept the services and to advocate the enfranchisement of colored men, now as the temptations of the presidential year approach, disgracefully surrender and abandon their cause. So too the popular churches and clergy are relaxing their interest for, and diminishing their co-operation with the freedmen, and excusing themselves on the score of disinclination for "political preaching," they ally themselves as formerly with "Conservatism" and the dominant spirit of prejudice against race.

Under these circumstances it is of the greatest importance to have a thoroughly Radical, independent journal, which, like THE STANDARD, may speak freely and fearlessly for justice and impartial freedom, with nothing to gain or lose by party triumphs or losses. During the past year our circulation has steadily increased with each month. Frequent calls for the paper come to us of late from the South. THE STANDARD now goes regularly each week to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Nashville, Richmond and at other points in the South. We have arrangements in progress for its general introduction to the notice of the leading colored men and white Radicals throughout the South the coming year. The importance of an intelligent alliance between uncompromising Radicals at the North and their coadjutors at the South can scarcely be over-estimated in the present condition of national affairs.

WENDELL PHILLIPS will continue as the past year an editorial writer for the columns of THE STANDARD. It will also be the medium through which his lectures and addresses, as revised by himself, will be given to the public. Other able writers will contribute regularly to its columns. We shall continue to present a department of choice literary miscellany, and while chiefly devoted to the consideration of the freedom and well-being of the colored race, our columns will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the rights of women, temperance, education, etc.

The period through which we are now passing is one of the most critical thus far in our national experience. Though the late reverses in the elections may dishearten those whose dependence is upon the Republican party, it should be borne in mind that it has been, and still is, the high prerogative of Abolitionists to create the opinion which makes and unmakes parties in the service of freedom.

We appeal earnestly and confidently therefore to all friends to unite heartily with us in an effort to extend the circulation of THE STANDARD as the emergency of the cause it represents demands.

PREMIUMS.

We offer our friends what we are sure will be esteemed very liberal and welcome compensation for their efforts to add to our subscription list, namely: to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6) we will send either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters." 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's "Romance of the Republic." 443 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court." 498 pages—price $2.50.

IMPEACHMENT.

The Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives presented a report on Monday last on the subject of impeachment, accompanied with the following resolution and a recommendation that it be passed:

Resolved, That Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, be impeached of high crimes and misdemeanors."

The question is now fairly before the House. It is to be hoped that Representatives will remember the responsibility which attaches to their votes, and, rising above all party considerations, will, as the Committee recommend, pass the resolution impeaching the President. It is a measure which involves much more than the interests of the passing hour. Whatever may be the final disposition made of it, it is to go into history as a precedent for the future. As it may be determined, so will be the strength or weakness of the rebellious, class spirit in the nation henceforth. Andrew Johnson, as is clearly shown by so much of the Report as has appeared, has deliberately endeavored to thwart the purpose of the loyal North, and to achieve for the Rebellion, through the opportunity afforded by his official position, that triumph which it failed to win by the sword. The cause which Jefferson Davis represented at Richmond, as so-called President of the Southern conspiracy, Andrew Johnson has upheld and most effectively served. Even Messrs. Wilson and Woodbridge, of the Committee, who in a minority report stultify themselves by proposing that the subject be "laid upon the table," affirm that by his contest with Congress the President has "delayed reconstruction, and inflicted vast injury upon the people of the Rebel States." By his treasonable usurpations the President has changed what Gen. Grant denominates the "very fine feeling" manifested throughout the South, after the surrender of the rebel armies, to obstinate, defiant non-conformity, rendering loyalty more odious than treason. The two "Democratic" members of the Committee also present a minority report, and, of course, do not favor the impeachment of one who so signally serves their Southern allies.

In no critical emergency of the war did as great responsibility rest upon the soldiers in the field, as is now upon the shoulders of the members of the House of Representatives. For the time being, the unsubdued spirit of slavery and rebellion centres in Andrew Johnson, and defies the House of Representatives to *do its duty* by the adoption of the resolution of impeachment. The loyal constituency of the North will scan closely the final votes which determine the fate of the measure. We admonish those members who falter before the opposition which they will have to meet, and the temptations to swerve from duty by which they will be assailed, that in failing to go on the record in favor of impeachment and the nation's safety and honor, the verdict against them, alike by their constituents and history, will be, "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

For many months, and at the outset alone in the sphere of journalism, have we demanded the impeachment and removal of Johnson. That we have not been in error, the too tardy report presented by Mr. Boutwell to the House of Representatives on Monday last is ample evidence. That our counsels were not heeded at an earlier day, many who have been blinded hitherto will now see is a national misfortune. If there is the wisdom in the House which we hope for, to adopt the Judiciary Committee's resolution; and the integrity in the Senate to fairly try the case, the misfortune of the too long delayed action may be measurably retrieved. The logical sequence of impeaching Johnson will, of course, be the revoking of his spurious pardons, and the repossession by the National government of the immense amount of landed and other property which he has fraudulently conveyed away. This would put us back again with something of the advantages which inured to the benefit of the North by virtue of victory in the war. Impeachment means, therefore, not merely the removal of a treasonable occupant from the White House, but, followed to its legitimate end, it will draw the fangs of the serpents of rebellion and render them harmless for the future, by affording to the loyal blacks and whites of the South at least an equal chance in the race henceforward. Let the majority report of the Judiciary Committee be sustained and the President be impeached and deposed.

GEN. GRANT.

A CHAPTER of very general public interest in the Judiciary Committee's report, recently published, is Gen. Grant's testimony. It was given before the Committee on the 18th of July last. It makes evident, what we have always felt and have had occasion heretofore to express, that upon the question of the negro's rights Gen. Grant is in no sense a Radical. He has been fully cognizant of the reconstruction measures from the date of Johnson's North Carolina Proclamation, or even a prior date at which Mr. Lincoln had prepared a proclamation of which Mr. Johnson's, as issued, was, according to Gen. Grant, a copy. If what he says of Mr. Lincoln be true, and we have no reason to doubt it, so much the worse for the memory of Mr. Lincoln. Educated in the Henry Clay Whig school of compromise, it would have been characteristic of him to have endeavored to reconstruct on the basis of white men for the State, as he vainly endeavored to save both the Union and slavery. Though appealed to for opinions, Grant had none to offer, and was anxious only for some kind of civil government. He did not object to the North Carolina Proclamation, though it wholly ignored the claims of the colored men of that State. He was anxious for some kind of civil government, but indifferent as to the kind. He supposed anything adopted before the meeting of Congress would be temporary, and afterward that *the organization called into being by Johnson's proclamation*, or some other, would be ratified. It is this utter indifference to the proscription of the only large class of loyal, trustworthy men, in the process of reconstruction, simply on the ground of color, that marks Grant's want of statesmanlike foresight as to the needs of the country. It indicates also the absence in him of a sense of the cruel injustice of which the people of color are everywhere the victims. If the negroes were horses they would be less likely, than as men, to suffer under his administration as President of the United States. It is quite certain that if he is to receive the support of the Radical strength of the nation as a Presidential nominee, there must be some more promising ground offered for it than anything contained in his testimony before the Judiciary Committee.

THE TWO PARTIES.

If we may accept the utterances of certain prominent political leaders and party organs, as representing the two great parties now struggling for political supremacy, we cannot escape an anxious apprehension that they are preparing to bring their platforms nearer to a common level. The New York *World*, evidently in fear for its party's life, cries out, "The negro question is the knot of the difficulty, and we cannot ignore it;" and calls upon Democrats to yield what it assures them they cannot safely withhold, some portion of justice to the negro. We shall be defeated, utterly ruined, cries this organ of the Democratic party, if we do not grant civil rights to the negroes. We must hasten to give them these in order to show that they do not need the ballot for their protection. It even goes so far as to say, in the name of that party which, in its prosperity, robbed the negro of every right of manhood which it could take from him, that *justice* requires the concession of all civil rights to the negroes.

Adversity and defeat have, sometimes, wonderful power to clear moral vision. Dr. Lyman Beecher used to say that "the Roman Catholic church always made it a rule never to persecute when she couldn't." This Democratic *World* is in terrible fear lest negro suffrage, with its train of untold evils, should come upon us; and in still greater fear that the Democratic party will be defeated in the next Presidential contest. Satan said, "All that a man hath will he give for his life;" and it appears that the Democratic party agrees with him so far as to give up a large portion of the principles which it once held very dear, in order to save its imperilled life. And when we consider what its principles have been, this is neither strange nor deplorable.

The same cannot be said of the suggestion made to the Republican party, by one of its prominent members in Pennsylvania, W. M. Runkel, Esq., in his announcement that the recent elections have shown "that the cause of the colored man is not yet popular;" and that "if the party wishes to be the true friend of the poor and lowly," it must be in power; that to be powerful, it must first be successful; and that to be successful, it must be relieved from "the weights" which have borne it down; and not allow issues to be forced upon it, which "are unpopular with the masses." In short, if the party wishes to do justice to the colored man by and by, it should be unjust to him now; if it aspires to be the champion of Truth and Right in the future, it must sacrifice both now. What ground of confidence in a party which could do thus, the colored man would have, does not plainly appear; nor what security it would give that it would not pay the same price to keep its power which it paid to attain it.

But there is, surely, cause enough for alarm in such indications of what the great party issues are to be. If the Democrats are to concede civil rights to the negro, and the Republicans are to give up the claim of negro suffrage, what conflict between them remains that is of any especial interest to the friends of freedom? The earnest remonstrance of Hon. William D. Kelley against Mr. Runkel's assertions and suggestions is noble, and valuable to the cause of justice; but it is a very important question which of these two utterances embodies the purpose of the Republican party.

M. G.

MEETINGS of much interest and profit, under the auspices of the American Social Science Association, were held in this city last week. Among the subjects under consideration were prison discipline, lodging houses for women, education, the labor question, co-operation, the proper treatment of the insane, etc., etc. Mr. Eliot and Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Secretaries of the Association, Mrs. C. H. Dall, Prof. A. D. White, Dr. S. G. Howe, Josiah Quincy, Dr. Leiber and others, took part in the proceedings. Mrs. Dall's valuable paper on "Lodging Houses for Women" we hope to present to our readers in a subsequent issue.

MR. PHILLIPS'S address, given on our first page, unavoidably without his revision, we copy from the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph*.

OUR subscribers in Philadelphia and vicinity are requested to send their remittances, hereafter, direct to the Editor of THE STANDARD, 39 Nassau street, New York.

PERSONAL.

Sallie Holley will lecture at North Hector, Sunday, December 1.

Anna E. Dickinson will give her new lecture, entitled "Idiots and Women," in this city, at the Cooper Institute, on Tuesday evening next, Dec. 3.

P. T. Baruum, Esq., addressed a very large congregation in Brooklyn, at the Park Theatre, on Sunday evening last, on the subject of Temperance. Mr. Greeley is announced to speak at the same place next Sunday evening.

Lucretia Mott preached an eloquent and deeply interesting discourse to a very large congregation in the Second Unitarian Church (the Rev. John W. Chadwick's), Brooklyn, on Sunday morning last.

Carlyle says that a man carries under his coat a "private theatre," whereon is acted a greater drama than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

Eight thousand tickets for Dickens's readings were, it is said, sold in Boston, in twelve hours, including every possible chance for hearing him throughout the entire course. The first ticket was sold to a colored man, who took his stand at midnight, and heroically waited out in the cold seven hours before the store doors were opened. He obtained his choice of seats to his complete satisfaction. The sale was conducted with the utmost impartiality.

Professor Leja, a distinguished optician of New Orleans, visited Corinth a few weeks since, stopping at the Scruggs House. One day, while sitting at the table, conversing with Col. Johnson, the clerk, the conversation turned upon the yellow fever, with the various phases of which the professor was quite familiar—and, among other things, the course of Gen. Sheridan, in neglecting, while controlling the affairs of the Gulf Department, to take the usual precaution to ward off, or, at least, prepare the city for the visit of Bronze John, was severely condemned. In this connection, Col. Johnson remarked:

"You must confess, Professor, that notwithstanding his many faults, Gen. Butler exhibited great administrative ability, in the conception and prosecution of measures to save New Orleans from the dreaded pestilence while in command there."

Up jumped the optician, his face pale with ill-suppressed wrath, his eyes darting fire:

"By gar, vat you take me vor? You no believe in a God? You no believe zere is mercie? Yellow fever and G-e-n-e-r-a-l Butler at ze same time!!"

And the choleric Créole walked off almost foaming at the mouth, with fists clenched, muttering between his teeth, "Y-low fe-vor, he cannot believe zere is ze God who has mercie."

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Nov. 24, 1867.

THE Old South Church here has just received the exterior decoration of a fresh coat of paint, and a new dial is to be added to its clock. In addition to these improvements, the Executive Committee propose to insert a granite tablet in the front of the building, bearing the following inscription:

"Old South.
Church gathered 1680.
First House Built 1670.
This House Erected 1729.
Desecrated by British Troops 1776."

The comments of the press upon the last line of this inscription show that many people look upon it unfavorably. One writer suggests that since many things were done on both sides in our revolutionary war which might as well be buried in oblivion, it seems sadly out of taste to revive and perpetuate the memory of a fact like the one last mentioned; and further, that a Christian church seems hardly the place in which to keep alive the bitter enmities of the past.

Another writer asks—Can that be desecrated which was never consecrated? The Puritans, says he, regarded the consecration of places as a papistical and superstitious practice. The Old South meeting-house in 1775 had never been consecrated.

He adds that this building, at that time, was not used exclusively for religious purposes, but also for town-meetings and popular assemblages, from one of which issued the famous "Boston tea-party." This being in its nature a hostile expedition, relieved "the enemy" from any previous obligation to respect the meeting-house; since it is a maxim of war that whatever is used for belligerent purposes by one party may be used or attacked by the adversary.

Further, in our recent war, the grounds of the Old South meeting-house were used as a recruiting station for the loyal forces, and in the South many a church has been used and occupied under the direction of comanding officers—perhaps by some of these same recruits. Would it be pleasant to us if, on each of the church buildings so occupied, it should be inscribed that the edifice was "desecrated by United States troops?"

Another writer suggests that the question in this matter is not whether the proposed inscription will offend Englishmen or not, nor whether memorials of bygone hostilities may be preserved in suitable ways or not; but simply whether it is in good taste to inscribe on the front of a Christian temple, as the only sentiment its proprietors wish to suggest to the observer, a vindictive reminder of an act of war committed nearly a century ago. He proposes as a more suitable inscription for a building intended for public worship:

"Glory to God in the Highest.
On Earth, Peace.
Good will to Men.

It strikes me that there is something just and reasonable in both the criticisms above suggested. Moreover, it is but fair to remember, in behalf of the British officers whom the Executive Committee of the Old South church are trying to pillory after their deaths, that they, defenders of Church and State as understood in England, had no call to pay special respect to the feelings of a community who were at once rebels and dissenters. This house was of the sort which their clergy at home stigmatized as "a conventicle." It had never received any consecration, and was not, even by its occupants, set apart exclusively for the service of religion. These loyal officers, sent from England to support the royal Governor, needed a riding-school for their military exercises. If this building were the most convenient one within their reach for that purpose, why should they not take it? especially as such occupancy on their part was the best way to execute their duty of preventing seditious town-meetings. It is not pretended that they did anything worse than making the building useful for their own secular purposes.

On the point of "desecration" also something more may well be said. Was it the introduction of secular week-day usefulness that made the desecration? or was it the displacement of religious worship for secular and worldly purposes? But both these things have recently been done by the proprietors of this very Old South Church, in leasing, for mechanical labors, their vestry in Spring Lane, thus taking away the place where their weekly church prayer-meetings and their famous "daily morning prayer-meeting" have been for so many years accustomed to be held—merely to make money by the introduction of steam power and a mechanical handicraft there. Is not this something like bringing the money-changers into the temple? Was not this building, quite as much as the church beside it, devoted to sacred uses? Did not the custom for many years, of daily assemblage there for prayer, and the memory of many revivals aided by its exercises, and the motto "STAND UP FOR JESUS" hanging conspicuously over its desk, consecrate that vestry as effectively as the Old South meeting-house was ever consecrated? And is a steam-factory less secular than a riding-school? And is the driving out of prayer for the convenience of worldly business more admissible in a small building than a large one?

The manufacturers of this "desecration" theory seem not to have been troubled by a similar alienation of houses of worship in the interest of worldly business or bodily convenience when it has repeatedly been done by sister churches of their own denomination in their own city. They made no complaint (that ever came to my ears) when the Central Church in Winter street sold their consecrated building to be used as a dry goods store; nor when the rich and fashionable true believers who owned the "Shawmut" meeting-house sold it to be used for Universalist preaching—which they are accustomed to stigmatize as little better than infidel. The fact seems to be that the Executive Committee of the Old South took advantage of this opportunity to bring their building and its history more conspicuously before the public eye, thoughtless or regardless of the fact that their peculiar method of doing this would pander to the prejudice against England which exists among a large portion of the people of this country, which cries out for war with that power whenever her interests or her officials come in conflict with ours.

Since I last wrote you, a bronze statue of Edward Everett, cast in Munich from the model furnished by William W. Story, has been erected in our Public Garden. It was intended that some civic formalities should accompany the presentation to the city, and the first exposure to public view, of this memorial of a citizen so eminent, and so identified with the history of Boston, as Mr. Everett. Accordingly, Hon. Charles G. Loring had been appointed to deliver an address on the occasion. Soon after the appointment, however, he died; and ex-Gov. John A. Andrew became his substitute. Again a sudden death removed the person who was to fulfil this duty. Under these very peculiar circumstances, it was judged best that the statue should at once be set up, and its presentation to the City Council be made without formality.

The bronze of this statue shows the same brilliant color—intermediate between the hues of gold, copper and brass—which Crawford's fine statue of Beethoven showed on its arrival here. The latter figure has, in the lapse of years, taken the dark greenish hue which age gives to bronze. We shall now see whether this change will be hastened, or what other change will be made, by exposure to the open air in our northern climate. The Beethoven stands in front of the great organ in Music Hall, and has never been exposed to outdoor weather.

The statue of Mr. Everett, about nine feet high, on a pedestal raised six or seven feet, is costumed in exact imitation of his ordinary dress. He is represented in the attitude of public speaking; but the statue does not, to my eye, represent the attitude, at once natural and dignified, graceful and persuasive, which his public speeches presented. The back of the figure is turned to the Public Garden, at one end of which it stands; and the face, instead of looking directly forward, or a little downward, as at an assemblage of hearers, is so far raised as to appear to be looking at the upper story of the houses opposite, in Beacon st. This attitude makes it difficult for persons in the Garden or the street to decide whether the face is or is not a likeness. The right arm, harmonizing with the unsatisfactory inclination of the head, is thrown so far upward and backward as to give the spectator a sympathetic feeling of constraint and weariness. The statue seems to me to have failed in both the requisites, one or the other of which such a work of art should display. It should either have shown dignity and grace to correspond with its original, and thus satisfy the eye—for Mr. Everett was always dignified and always graceful—or it should have made plain to the beholder of average intelligence the reason for any peculiarity of attitude or expression. But these are matters of taste, in regard to which opinions will vary.

NORTH.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25, 1867.

IN a former letter I gave some account of the Association established among the Friends in this city, "for the aid and elevation of the freedmen." The nature of their work was specified, and a statement was made, showing what they had accomplished from time to time for the relief and welfare of these people. Especial reference was made to the several schools opened, provided for and supported by the Association. A number of these schools have been closed since that letter was written, on account of an insufficiency of funds at the command of the Association for their proper support. A large proportion of them, however, are still in a prosperous condition, exerting their influence in the beneficent work of enlightening the freedmen.

The meetings of the Association are held once a month. On these occasions the reports of the various committees are presented and considered, and such action is taken in behalf of the good work as its advancement may claim, or necessity require. Letters received from the teachers are likewise read, and these usually embody a report of the condition of the schools, as well as an account of the progress made by the pupils.

The meeting of this month, held last week in the Race street meeting-house of the Society of Friends, was highly interesting. In addition to the various letters that were read, remarks were made by several persons in attendance, chiefly concerning the schools under the paternal care of the Association, and having direct reference to the educational needs and desires of the freedmen. Some of the members had recently visited a number of the schools, and were enabled to give a statement from observation, as well as to show how they were impressed. Frances E. W. Harper was present by invitation, and her fitting words were listened to with deep attention. She related portions of her experience connected with her journey through several of the Southern States, and her remarks were interspersed with narrations of incidents that awakened a fervent interest. She did not fail to make an impressive appeal in favor of continuing the maintenance of schools throughout the South. Eloquently she spoke of their well-known value and importance, and of the incalculable benefit they were bestowing, not only as it related individually to the emancipated slaves, but likewise to the real welfare of the entire nation, both now and in the future.

A colored woman named Mrs. Higate was present, and made a few remarks respecting her labors as a teacher of the freedmen in Mississippi. She has sons and daughters also thus employed in the far South, and the devotion of this self-sacrificing family is remarkable and praiseworthy. Mrs. Higate has been in the city a brief period, intending to return to Mississippi as soon as she could obtain the essential means to convey her thither. William Still stated, what she was too modest to refer to herself, that she was detained here on account of a need of funds, and that the sum of $40 would be required for her immediate purpose. It is gratifying to know that this amount was collected for her at the meeting.

Another interesting case deserves notice. Abby Kimber introduced a young colored woman who hails from Charleston, South Carolina. Her name is Rollins. Upwards of two years this young woman and her sister have been teaching in their native city. Their school has numbered as many as one hundred and thirteen children. These comprise the poorest of the poor, the lowliest of the lowly, the very outcasts of a miserable and neglected class. With singular benevolence of spirit, these two sisters have applied themselves to the work of gathering these wretched little ones together, and giving them instruction. Thus have they been engaged over two years without receiving or soliciting compensation from any source, presenting a rare example of active philanthropy and personal devotion in a forlorn field of labor. May they have a sure reward!

The present mission of Miss Rollins is to secure funds to aid in the erection of a suitable school building, as well as to ask for some tangible encouragement for herself and sister in the prosecution of their labor of charity and love. It is impossible for the Friends' Association to give the desired assistance, as they have been obliged, as I stated before, to close some of their own schools in consequence of a deficiency of funds. Assuredly, such noble instances of humane and beneficent services should win the recognition they so clearly deserve.

Prof. Edward L. Youmans delivered his lecture entitled the "Chemistry of the Sunbeam," on Friday evening last in Horticultural Hall. It was given in the Teachers' Institute course, and elicited the most thoughtful attention. None who heard it will deny that it is an admirable lecture, full of glowing thoughts, and abounding in an array of sublime facts, presented with force and eloquence. A number of other prominent men of science are engaged in this course, among them Prof. Agassiz.

It is announced that Henry Vincent will deliver two lectures here this week, the first on "Milton," and the other on "Garibaldi."

Great interest is manifested in Charles Dickens, and the desire to see and hear him is enthusiastically expressed. Our citizens will greet him with an ardent and generous reception.

W.

THE DUTY OF COLORED MEN.

ADDRESS BY W. D. FORTEN, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Standard:

"The duty devolving upon the colored men in this crisis," was the subject of a discourse delivered by W. D. Forten, Esq., of Philadelphia, last evening at the Court House. When I entered the Court House there were gathered there a goodly number of the citizens of Franklin, white and colored, to hear discussed a question that is now the absorbing topic, by the fireside, in forum, in politics and State, and will ever be the cause that ruffles the bosom of the sea of politics until right and justice shall obtain. The interest was the more intense, more manifest, from the fact that the speaker was himself identified with that anomalous race whose cause he so eloquently defended.

Mr. Forten began his discourse by tracing the history of slavery since the first ship deposited its human cargo on the banks of the James river, through its varied and damnable forms, to the close of the late rebellion; showing the causes and incidents that led to the enfranchisement of the freedmen. He wants Congress to extend the right of suffrage to the Northern as well as Southern States. The power that gave Congress the right to enfranchise the blacks of the Southern States empowers them to do justice to the black men of the North. If Congress has the power to enact uniform naturalization laws, it certainly has power to regulate the suffrage for each State. He construes the result of the late election in Ohio and New York as an expression of the unwillingness of the people of those States to take the responsibility of deciding so vital a question. The people of those States hurl the responsibility where it rightfully belongs, upon Congress, as the law-making power. He does not wish his rights to hinge upon any such contingencies as the prejudicial whims of any people. He is the property of the government, subject to bear arms in its defence, pay taxes, and all the responsibilities devolving upon the most favored of its citizens devolve upon him. He would not appeal to the sympathies of the people, he would not call to mind the bravery displayed by colored troops at Bunker Hill, where Crispin Atticks fell; at Red Bank, the sufferings of his father on board that floating hell, the prison ship (Old Jersey), where he lay incarcerated, and with others of America's defenders; the bravery, sufferings, privation of colored troops in the late rebellion, where among the faithless they alone were found faithful; he would not picture to them the auction-block, the lacerated flesh of the victims of American slavery, when each stripe on the American flag emblemized the scars on the negro's back. No, not this, not these, would he base the rights of the negro upon. God made him a man, and endowed him with all the concomitants of a citizen, but he was robbed of them. He demanded his rights as other Americans, inherent, God-given birthright. When he walked up to the corner of 6th and Lombard, Philadelphia, he was a welcome guest to pay his taxes; he would rejoice when the day would come when they would refuse to take his taxes on the account of color. He wanted to walk up to the ballot-box with the same degree of assurance that his ballot would be taken as his taxes.

He charged the colored men that they get knowledge, wisdom; it was their duty to fit themselves for every station in life, be discreet, virtuous, provident, prepare themselves in such a manner that when equal suffrage shall obtain, they wield their power for the perpetuation of the Constitution and Union, for justice and right. All the responsibilities that now devolve upon white men devolve upon them. If just laws have been enacted by the General government when the Republican party was so overwhelmingly in the ascendency, the black man to-day would be in possession of all his inherent rights.

With all the talent the Republicans could import into Pennsylvania, from other States during the campaign that resulted in the election of Gov. Geary, they could roll up but a fraction over seventeen thousand majority for Gen. Geary. The colored men, if made voters in this State are the balance of power; they at any time could cast 17,000 loyal Radical votes. He was at a loss to discern why the Republican party, governed by prejudices, should treat this acquisition to their ranks with contempt.

It was a generally received opinion, but rested upon no good foundation, that equal suffrage gave social equality; that argument, he said, was weaker than diluted water. Society regulates its own laws. Society is governed by the laws of affinity. No man can claim himself the equal of another on account of color; no man can claim the right to enter his domicile on the account of his color. There must be some sympathy of sentiments, ideas, that causes the affiliation. His form may be hideous to look upon, he may have a long heel, retreating forward, crisp hair; they may detest him upon that account but when you enact tyrannical laws, to apply to him alone, you strike a dagger at his manhood, which his nature repels.

The speaker said he was in communication with the leading colored spirits of the South; they asked his advice in regard to the acceptance of a nomination from the Conservatives—Conservatives claiming they will vote for anything save a Northern, oath-swearing renegade. He replied: Not by any means. The colored man that accepts a nomination from the Conservatives, or office in the government, at this time, thrusts a dagger at his and all the colored men's hearts at the North. He strikes down all hope of justice being done that portion of the colored population that habitates the Northern States.

Mr. Forten says the colored men of the South want the Republican party to put in nomination for the Presidency a man that has been tried in the balance and has not been found wanting, that has passed the fiery ordeal and come out unscathed, a man of no doubtful sentiments, no varied political antecedents. As Gen. Grant was the man that whipped the rebels, he is the best man to keep them in subjection; a military man from foot-sole to crown, but no politician; has not exhibited enough sagacity to detect the villany of Andrew Johnson, has shown no abilities of a statesman. He stands to-day at the summit of his profession; keep him there. Nominate Chief-Justice Chase, whose executive ability has been tried, whose statesmanship and wise administration of the Treasury department, whose thoroughness of purpose, and sincerity of heart, and sound political proclivities, stamp him as the fittest person to bear aloft the standard of equal rights to all. Nominate old Ben Wade, the tried Anti-Slavery standard bearer, of thirty years' standing, who has been equal to every emergency. Nominate Ben. Butler, whose very name sends a thrill of horror through the breast of every rebel, whose name is synonym of all that is just and true. Nominate Edwin M. Stanton, or the old commoner, Thaddeus Stevens, three months of whose administration will do more good than the lifetime of all the fossils of Democratic administrations.

If Grant is as Radical as the Republicans claim for him, and the Democrats want him, let them take him. Put in nomination a thorough Radical, who is known to be such, who dare proclaim his sentiments to the world. If Gen. Grant is a Radical, and becomes President by the votes of Democrats, what more does the country want. It will be *Andrew Johnson on the Democrats.*

I cannot by any means do justice to the eloquence of the speaker. His delivery was good, sometimes vehement, at others pathetic. He hurled no epithets at either party. The audience testified their appreciation of the address by voting the speaker a resolution of thanks for his able and eloquent effort.

We understand that Mr. Forten is on a mission of establishing Equal Rights Leagues throughout northwestern Pennsylvania, and meeting with signal success.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa. Nov. 9, 1867. L.

LETTER FROM SALLIE HOLLEY.

NOVEMBER, 1867.

DEAR MR. POWELL: How many mean ways there are of showing prejudice against those "guilty of a skin not colored like our own"—a color under which the richest virtues of humanity and the rarest qualities of character are manifested. Among American women, who has shown a courage and self-devotion to the welfare of others equal to Harriet Tubman? Hear her story of going down again and again into the very jaws of slavery to rescue her suffering people, bringing them off through perils and dangers enough to appall the stoutest heart, till she was known among them as "Moses." Forty thousand dollars was not too great a reward for the Maryland slaveholders to offer for her. Think of her brave spirit, as strong as Daniel's of old, in its fearless purpose to serve God, even though the fiery furnance should be her portion. I have looked into her dark face, and wondered and admired as I listened to the thrilling deeds her lion heart had prompted her to dare: "I have heard their groans and sighs, and seen their tears, and I would give every drop of blood in my veins to free them." While I was amazed at the power of her heroism, slumbering like internal fire till its opportunity came to blaze and break out for the deliverance of some poor captive, I could not help asking myself why such unselfish daring, such love was so uncommon, and why this black woman should be gifted with it? The world felt the grandeur of such force of spirit when it blazed forth at Harper's Ferry in brave old John Brown.

The other day at Gerrit Smith's, I saw this heroic woman, whom the pen of genius will yet make famous as one of the noblest Christian hearts ever inspired to lift the burdens of the wronged and the oppressed, and what do you think she had to tell me? She had been tending and caring for our Union black soldiers in hospital during the war, and, at the end of her labors, was on her way home, coming in a car through New Jersey. A white man, the conductor, thrust her out of the car with such violence that she has not been able to work scarcely any since; and as she told me of the pain she had and still suffered, she said she did not know what she should have done for herself and old father and mother she takes care of, if Mr. Wendell Phillips hadn't sent her $60 that kept them warm through the Winter. She has a letter from W. H. Seward to Maj.-Gen. Hunter, written two years ago, in which he says: "I have known her long, and a nobler, higher spirit, or truer, seldom dwells in the human form." Gerrit Smith, in his tireless, unceasing benevolence, has just given her money. His great heart, as Lowell chanted of L. Maria Child, "At high floods, [swamps his brain now and then," yet, what a wonder and delight it is; and, as Mr. Emerson asks, "What the *one* is, why may not the *million* be!" Whose gratitude and love and genius will ever fitly write the story of this "noble life" in the heart of the Empire State—so much broader and grander in its aims and sympathies than the good lame Scotch Earl's Miss Muloch has touched so many hearts with?

"All Saints" and "All Souls' Days" I passed in Cazenovia with Mrs. Mary Springstead, an early, full-souled Abolitionist. It was most agreeable to feel her clear mind—no mists and fogs about keeping right on—as the American Anti-Slavery Society does, with its work, till the negro is grounded and established in his fundamental rights of citizenship, which, as Thaddeus Stevens declares, includes "that suffrage by ballot, which is due to every being within this realm to whom God has given immortality; "the great weapon of defence" to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness.

Slocum Howland gave me a letter of introduction to Congressman Morgan, at Aurora. I invited him to subscribe for THE STANDARD. He stupidly refused. Said "Wendell Phillips was denunciatory—would't *vote.*" He was very proud of telling me he saved Charles Sumner's life, and showed me some papers covered with Mr. Sumner's blood hung on his library walls, that were in the Senate Chamber at the time of that outrage. I said, "O, yes, I knew he was the gentleman who first reached Mr. Sumner in that dreadful hour; that act made him

mmortal away up in Maine, down in little Rhode Island, out West in Ohio and Michigan, wherever I travelled, Aurora was only known and cared for as the residence of the man who rescued Charles Sumner! And Mr. Sumner welcomed and loved THE STANDARD!

Mr. Morgan thinks Grant will be the next Republican nominee, as "the available man." I said I should think Republicans had enough of "available" men—Andrew Johnson was their last "available man." Mr. Morgan thought it essential the party should be kept together. His style of head and manner suggested Sir Leicester Dedlock.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

A CARD.

THE Committee of Arrangements for the Pennsylvania Festival of the Friends of Freedom, cordially return their thanks to the young ladies and gentlemen who gave their services as attendants at the refreshment table on the evening of the Festival, and to all persons in the city and country who contributed to the table, or assisted in its preparation. The Committee cannot attempt to record the names of all who kindly shared their labors, but they would acknowledge the valuable contributions and efficient help received from Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey, No. 1233 Locust st.

Also donations of provisions or assistance from

Mr. J. J. Lyon, Caterer, Addison st.
Mr. Levi Cromwell, Caterer, 227 Dock st.
Mr. Henry Tobias, Caterer, 206 Dean st.
Mr. Henry Johnson, Caterer, 1311 Lombard st.
Mr. Joseph W. Johnson, Confectioner, 804 South st.
Mr. Matthias Johnson, Watson's Alley.
Mr. James G. Augustin, Caterer, 1105 Walnut st.
Mr. John F. Durham.
Mr. Henry Minton, Caterer, 204 So. 12th st.
Messrs. Keffer and Stout, Confectioners, 613 Spring Garden st.
Mrs. Fisher, Pine st., below 10th st.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jones, Caterers, 250 So. 12th st.
Mr. George W. Brown, Restaurateur, 407 So. 10th st.
Mr. Wm. Ingram, Tea Dealer, 43 So. 2nd st.
Messrs. E. C. Knight & Co., Grocers.
Mr. Wm. B. Thomas, Flour Merchant.
Mr. James P. Osbourn, 1122 Rodman st.
Mr. James Page, Restaurateur, 1035 Locust st.
Mr John W. Page, Restaurateur, 1714 Addison st.

On behalf of the Committee,

MARY GREW.

CARLYLE'S SHOOTING NIAGARA; AND AFTER!

NO. I.

THOMAS CARLYLE, whose position and reputation I need not attempt to describe, recently gave his readers on both sides of the Atlantic a very remarkable paper. It bore the title, "Shooting Niagara; and After!" The topics which it introduced were grave enough, touching altogether vitally the most significant of human relations—whatever in the welfare of mankind may demand thought and effort. The doctrines inculcated, the conclusions commended, are as astounding as they are characteristic.

The present age is, according to Mr. Carlyle, marked by tendencies awry and frightful in the extreme. Everything, in itself and in its relations, he regards and pronounces out of joint. Those whom Heaven had anointed as rulers have lost their authority, and those whom Heaven requires to serve are struggling for positions to which they are ill-adapted. And matters are growing worse and worse. And how soon they may be precipitated over the cataract whose influence is drawing them down stream more and more powerfully, who can foresee? And then who can describe the catastrophe?

In his paragraphs Mr. Carlyle assigns to the negroes if not an enviable, certainly a prominent position. He certainly makes very free with whatever may characterize them as negroes. In a style the most peremptory and dogmatic, he describes what he affirms was the Creator's design in giving them a place in the sphere of humanity. In terms unqualified and emphatic, he assigns to them what he represents as their natural position in the human family. The tendencies of all efforts to improve their character and condition he attempts to illustrate, and in a way betraying the fullest confidence in his ability to dispose of any such problem whenever and however presented. To explain and confirm his doctrines, he proposes an experiment of the most comprehensive and vital bearings on the welfare of mankind.

In one all significant respect Mr. Carlyle shows himself ill-qualified to give counsel respecting the manner in which the claims of the negroes should be treated. He acknowledges, in a way remarkable enough for a philosopher, that they are "Men and Brothers," and then betrays a total want of the human and the fraternal in his regards for them. In the coldest blood and with overweening assurance, he affirms that "the Almighty Maker has appointed them to be servants." Both the white man and his black "brother" are urged, as they would escape "Heaven's curse," to adjust themselves to this "preappointment," to *take mutually towards each other the attitudes of owner and slave!* While saying this—the words still on his lips—he describes what he most contemptuously calls "the nigger question," as one of the smallest. There was no occasion, even in this country, to think, to speak, to act, to make any stir whatever about the matter; for essentially "the nigger," as the blackguard philosopher styles him, was already in the right "position." And yet, according to him, "half a million of excellent white men, full of gifts and faculty, have slit one another into horrid death," to emancipate "three millions of blacks," and for no better reason than that they were "men and brothers!" Through such representations, equally false and cruel, Mr. Carlyle manifests his regard for those whom he describes as "men and brothers!"

We assume a false position towards any members of the human family whom we may refuse to treat *fraternally*. They *are* our brothers; a primal ordinance of nature requires us to regard them *characteristically as they are*—to adjust ourselves to them according to the relations which mutually bind them and us together. To refuse to do this, is to give ourselves up to the *control of falsehood*. It is to welcome a lie to the heart, to mingle itself with the life-blood. A lie thus admitted and cherished, cannot but exert a characteristic influence on everything human in any man, whether he be a philosopher or a peasant. Falsehood will qualify his thoughts, his affections, his purposes, aims, hopes, and methods. At the false position he has assumed he will see and hear and describe and treat everything falsely within the sphere where the lie he cherishes claims place and authority. Is he worthy of respect and confidence here in any judgment he may pronounce, in any conclusion he may commend? He deserves to be driven from the stand as a false witness.

Such manifestly is the attitude in his relations to the negroes which Mr. Carlyle has assumed. While with an ill-disguised contempt he pronounces them "men and brothers," he vehemently urges all his readers to deny them the prerogatives and privilizes which inalienably belong to all mankind. He betrays, ridiculously betrays his hatred of the negroes, in the very vulgar name in which he describes them. In this he gives sympathy and countenance to the lowest blackguards and ruffians. With a lordly strut he tramples under foot the claims of the negroes. While he admits that mischief, irregularities, injustices dil probably abound between "Nigger and Buckra," and that you cannot manage what he describes as a preappointment of Heaven "without many wise laws and regulations and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience," he dismisses, contemptuously dismisses what he is pleased to call the "nigger question, as one of the smallest." The spirit he thus breathes involves a forfeiture of the respect and confidence of every fair reader. It is grossly and cruelly inhuman, unfitting him utterly to sit in judgment on the character and claims of any portion of the human family—*a matter never to be lost sight of in studying and estimating the paragraphs of this remarkable production.*

BERIAH GREEN.

APPEAL FOR A BUILDING FUND

FOR THE NEWSBOY'S LODGING-HOUSE.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE public are aware that for thirteen years the Children's Aid Society has been sustaining and carrying on, through the aid of individual contributions, a large Lodging-House for newsboys and other street boys.

During this period 323,488 lodgings and 194,203 meals have been furnished these lads, of whom the whole number lodged is 48,910. In this time $14,501.70 have been deposited by the boys in the Savings Bank of the Rooms, and $14,739.74 have been paid by them towards the expenses of the Lodging-House. In the last year alone, there were lodged 8,192 different boys; 49,519 lodgings and 33,633 meals were furnished. The number of orphans thus aided was 2,926, and of half-orphans, 3,904.

The object of the Institution is to shelter, instruct, and thus elevate this interesting and unfortunate class of children. From the Lodging-House, the Society sends the boys forth to places in the country, or near the city. Thousands of boys have thus been saved from thievery and a vagabond life, and have become useful citizens.

The present rooms of the Lodging-House are not sufficiently large or commodious for the numbers of boys thronging to them, and they are liable at the beginning of any year to be taken from the Society, when it would be extremely difficult to lease others in that quarter of the city.

The Trustees are deeply impressed with the importance of making this beneficent charity permanent, by procuring a proper building for it. There will always be homeless boys here, for whom some such provision must be made, while the city continues. They wish to provide a building which shall be a SHELTER and a HOME to the houseless lad, wandering friendless through the great city; where he can find friends, and receive instruction, and put on the pathway to a better life. Surely no person could spare something from his daily luxuries for a better purpose than thus to found a permanent Lodging-House for street-boys. The necessary fund—at least $50,000—cannot be raised unless each individual who has sympathy for poor and houseless children shall feel a responsibility in doing his part toward making it up.

Donations for this object may be sent to J. E. Williams, Treasurer, Metropolitan National Bank, or to Wm. A. Booth, President, 95 Front street, specifying the object; or directly to the office of the Children's Aid Society, No. 8 East 4th street, room 11.

C. L. BRACE, Secretary.

HOUSEHOLD FOES.

A DISCOURSE

BY

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM,

PREACHED IN NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1867.

"A man's Foes shall be they of his own Household."—*Mat. x.* 36.

THEY shall be? Were they not then? Had they not been always? Are there not reasons why they must be? It may seem a very strange and bitter thing to say, but these words of Jesus, which were perfectly true in his own case, express a truth so broad and general as to be almost universal. There is a sense, and a very genuine and sweet sense, in which the members of the household are our dearest friends. They are warm friends of our physical estate. They are our friends here when other friends fail. They stand by us when but for them we should fall. They help us when we are weak, aid us when we are poor, nurse us when we are sick, shelter us when we are old, comfort us when we are miserable, defend us when we are attacked, vindicate us when we are wronged, gather about us when we are abused, maligned and evil treated; on them we have a claim that is never denied, except in those rare cases that are branded as inhuman. But this household friendship, deep, close, tender, constant as it is on all ordinary occasions, under the usual accidents of life, is oftenest found to fail in those emergencies which befal the real manhood of the man. When this asserts itself, the members of the household, instead of being the man's friends, are found among his foes. It should not be so. Least of all in what concerns the rational and moral being should domestic hostility be felt; most of all in what concerns the rational and moral being should domestic friendship be cordial and persistent. Of all persons in the world, the members of the household should be the last to throw an impediment in the way of one's improvement, to place an obstacle in the path of one's development, to discourage the honest efforts of the mind to enlarge the sphere of its thought, to make harder the task of conscience, or to lay an ounce of added weight to the burden that oppresses the soul. If there be any place where a man or woman may be sure of sympathy in his noblest purposes, that place should be his home. If there be any people to whom one may go in absolute certainty of being strengthened for every good endeavor and work, those people should be his kindred—the father who has given him birth, the mother who bore him, the brothers and sisters who are of the same blood, the wife whom he has chosen to be his partner through life. And yet, unfortunately, it is precisely at this point that the household friendliness is apt to fail. It will do anything for the outer man; it will do little or nothing for the inner man. One of our greatest reformers has a perpetual fountain of inspiration in his wife. She is an invalid—never leaving her house—scarcely ever leaving her chamber. She requires a great deal of care. She is glad of sympathy and companionship; but she sends him off on his errands of labor, and when he comes back tired, worn, dispirited, she cheers him for another effort. She is his invigorator, his consoler. She will not let his courage droop, his heart sadden, his faith falter, or his hope grow faint. His life has been one of sacrifice to the most unpopular cause of the century; but she it is who has made the sacrifice to be a never-ceasing joy. So it should be; but so, how seldom it is! The household is a conservative institution. It represents the past, not the future. It is ruled by habit and routine. It has inherited beliefs and traditional practices. It is jealous of its rights and privileges. It loves to keep its members close within its walls, and dislikes to have them stray off, even in thought, from its enclosure. It resents as apostacy any departure from its accustomed ways.

A daughter well grown and mature in mind wishes to live an independent life. She has tastes to be enjoyed, talents to be exercised, work to do, a place to fill. There are people outside to whom she is drawn by sympathy of mind and feeling. She looks out and sees opportunities that her whole reason bids her to accept. By following the impulse, not of her waywardness, but of her faith, of her genius, she is sure that she should be not happier merely, but larger, better, more useful. Why cannot she be and act herself? The people at home will not let her. Her father declares that she does not know what she wants, or is fit for. She wants what *he* thinks she ought to want. She is fit for what *he* desires of her, to play to him on the piano after dinner. Her mother is jealous of everybody who gains a particle of her interest, or gives her what she herself cannot give. Her sisters wonder why she cannot be content at home as *they* are, and consider themselves insulted because she devotes time and thought to things which they disapprove. Her wish to lead a self-centered life is pronounced flat rebellion against the family, and no pains are spared to baffle her plans. She has *no* foes but those of her household; and there, *all* are her foes. She cannot move without facing them; she cannot act without encountering them; she cannot strike without wounding them. If she comes off victorious in her battle, it must be by laying them low.

A son is moved by his conscience to take a stand for what he deems the right in some cause unpopular. It is always hard enough to do this. The unpopularity raises a host of enemies among outside acquaintances, that are not to be despised. The conflict in one's own private breast is severe. But more formidable than the legion of enemies outside and the legion of doubts inside, are these beloved ones at home. Harder to face than the opposition of one's own selfish desire, is their rebuke, or warning, or persuasion. For they are with him always; he sleeps beneath the same roof; he breaks bread with them; he loves them. They have a hold on him by the blood in his veins. They have a strong fortress in his heart, which his heart begs him not to storm too furiously. As often as he lifts his arm against these foes, filial and paternal love presses it down. As often as he opens his mouth against them, a tender reverence bids him shut it. He cannot despise them, for he has been taught to give them honor; he cannot pass them by, for they are his own; he cannot deal hardly with them, for in a thousand ways they have shown him kindness. What can he do? If he is a hero, he can quietly assert himself, trusting that in time they will understand him, and, if they do not offer him their support, will, at all events, abate their opposition. If he is not a hero, in a multitude of cases he will do nothing but suffer, and bleed and die in the most precious part of him.

This household hostility is bitterest in proportion as the interests at stake are vital. More *souls* have been slain by these foes of the household than by all the weapons of the enemy. Let a new faith dawn on a young mind, a new thought of God, a new idea of the immortal life, a new notion of Christ, a new conception of human nature and human destiny, a new belief in regard to the ends and aims of existence, and in the vast multitude of cases who are they that do their best to prevent the rising of the light? Not the controversialists who argue, not the sectarians who oppose, not the dogmatists who shout Infidel or Atheist, not the preachers who hold out the menace of divine wrath against unbelief; but these loving, grieving, praying ones at home, who cannot bear the thought that one of their blood should disown the faith of his fathers. Their weapons are aimed not at the intellect, but at the heart. They are prayers, and appeals, and beseechings, and tears. Every other enemy can be met by assertion, by reasoning, by the moral dignity of the personal will. But these there is no meeting except by faith in God. The obstacles to be surmounted or pushed aside are composed of reverence, pities, affections. There is a sort of *impiety* in the warfare that *piety* must wage. The soul walks to its triumphs over the dead bodies of its loves. We should not complain of this. It is natural; in most instances it is unavoidable. It would not do, perhaps, for the old faith to offer no resistance to the new, which it can neither appreciate nor comprehend. But it is the occasion of those saddest of all tragedies from which we suffer. The old faith ought to make every effort to understand the new, and affection ought to be able to do affection's best work where it is most needed, and will be most welcomed, namely, in aiding and blessing the soul. Soul charity is the most needed charity on earth. And of that, alas! there is least where there should be most, *at home.*

But we must not give to our thought too narrow or superficial an interpretation. These household foes are not confined to those who live with us in the same family. They are within ourselves. Each man's bosom is a household, and there are the foes he will find hardest to overcome. "He was his own worst enemy," it is often said of some poor creature who has ruined himself by folly or by vice. Had he any *other* enemy than himself? Are not the bosom foes the *only* stubborn, the only deadly ones? The battle begins far back before a household is formed.

Here is one who should be largely useful, a center of beneficence; he has means, he has health, he has leisure—nothing to do, none to care for, a life full of time and opportunity, a position ready made, friends to bless, kindred to make happy, neighbors to aid. Every day of his life presents a chance to do some kindly, good deed. He does not do it; he will not do it; he cannot do it. There seems to be some inseparable difficulty in the way of his doing it. What is the difficulty? It is not in fortune; it is not in circumstances. These all make it easy; these all invite; these all say, "here your happiness is." The foe is in the breast. It is love of ease, that will not let him put himself out even to serve a brother or sister or child. It is love of comfort, that absolutely forbids incurring the smallest inconvenience in behalf of anybody else. It is love of money, which makes it a downright impossibility to drop a little out of a full purse, even when reason, affection, conscience, duty, suggest and require it, and make it easier to bear the imputation of meanness than to do a generous act. It is love of the most miserable self-hood, of self, which closes all the windows, and bars all the doors, and bolts all the gates, and shuts the person up within himself, forbiding all outgoing of desire or purpose, compelling refusal to all friendly demands, counselling indifference to all solicitations, little by little drawing in the mind till it lives on itself like a toad in Winter, keeping fat from want of exercise, and subsisting on the air that creeps into the dungeon from crevices in its rocky prison. Foes in the household—the man's foes are there, the woman's foes are there, and the worst of it is that they do not seem to be foes at all, but the very choicest of friends, who are doing their kindest all the time to make the creature snug and comfortable. But for these, the man might be a man and the woman a woman. These so effectually defeat and kill manliness and womanliness, that you really wonder why the person gets up in the morning, or thinks it worth while to put on his clothes.

Every grand instinct meets its deadliest foes here at the threshold of existence, in the hour of its birth. Even the strong instinct which leads to the planting of homes and the rearing of families, the instinct which is the root of all human relations, the preserver of the race from actual death, finds its foes in the same suggestions of personal ease that render it so difficult for the members of the household to allow a departure from its old ways. Othello speaks a word out of a bachelor's heart when he says, almost regretfully:

> "But that I love the gentle Desdemona
> I would not my unhoused free condition
> Put into circumspection and confine
> For the sea's worth."

Why share with another what I may just as well keep all for myself! Why tie myself down to a single establishment when I may be a citizen of the world! Why buy food and raiment for two instead of one! Why spend on children what I might spend on books, pictures, clothes, dinners, horses, travel! Why burden myself with domestic cares, or deliberately take on myself to think of half a dozen of people! These bosom foes make very serious opposition to human well being, precisely where that well being is most sacred and most sensitive. Society, it has been said lately, is suffering from a diminution in the number of marriages. Young people do not marry as early as they did in other days. There is a marked falling off. Families consequently are smaller, population does not increase as it should. It does not keep up to the mark of vigor and tone. Several times earnest men have raised the cry of alarm, partly on the ground that births do not keep pace with deaths, partly on the ground that the diminution in the number of marriages is accompanied by a fearful amount of demoralization in the community, owing to illicit and promiscuous intercourse between the sexes. Here is an evil that, in proportion as it extends, undermines the very basis of civilized life, an evil that saps the strength and the virtue of the community. Who are its abettors? Who are the foes of social virtue to this vast extent? They are chiefly these bosom foes of luxury. The young people cannot be married because they cannot begin where their parents leave off, because they must *forego* something; they must live in a smaller house, and keep fewer servants, and have a less dainty table, and dress with less elaborate elegance, and ride in a stage instead of a carriage, and abandon the hope of competing with their fashionable friends in evening entertainments. Let this enemy be overcome, and other enemies will lay down their arms without striking a blow; *all other* foes may become friends, all other obstacles may be helps, all other difficulties may be amusements. Marriage lives on cares, is gladdened by troubles, is made gay by vexations, is enriched by economies, is sweetened and dignified by sacrifices. These things *make the institution what it is.* But for these it would have no high social or moral significance. These make it the nursery of manhood and womanhood—the school of character These create that wonderful structure of all precious materials, which we call a home, through the instrumentality of which God brings his mightiest and sweetest grace to bear on the hearts of his children.

But let the home be builded, straightway the foes appear in it, and begin with the same old persistency to dehumanize the man. He must have everything now for his wife and children. Chairty begins and stops at his threshold. They must have all there is: conscience, heart, humanity must have nothing till they are satisfied—and as they never *are* satisfied, as they crave in proportion as they receive, conscience and heart and humanity in the majority of instances get nothing. The poor can have no homespun because these must have satins. The shelterless may have no roof because *these* have their eye on a house in the fashionable quarter. The hungry may have nothing for their table because *these* must entertain their friends with costly suppers. The country in its hour of need holds out its hand—family expenses allow no margin for patriotism. The church holds out its hand—family expenses leave nothing to spare for the needs of faith. Literature, art science, culture hold out their hands—family expenses are so numerous and so heavy that these æsthetic claims of the intellect must be put by—so the man dwindles. These insidious foes kill one by one his interests, his sympathies, his tastes, his accomplishments. Unless he is very strong, unless he insists upon it that he will do justice to his intellectual nature—unless *she* will do it too, for this applies to the wife as well as to the husband—we see that most unfortunate of mortals, a mere family man—or family woman, whose family affection is at once their strongest and their weakest part, the steadier of their habits, but also the narrower of the feelings, the nurse of their egotism and conceit. For such the household is full of foes, dearest and direst. Husband and wife are conspirators against one another's nobleness; children are foes to parents, parents are foes to children; the mother is against her daughter, and the daughter is against her mother. All are against that true manliness and womanliness which is the honor and pride and worth of existence. All are leagued with that false domestic conventionalism which spoils so many good patriots, good citizens, good neighbors, good friends of human rights and liberties, good believers and servants of the faith. Enlarge the household and you do but alter the aspect of the foes that infest it. Make it a collection of families, make it an order, a class, a circle—the man's enemies are there; they make him an aristocrat, a conservative, a bigot, a snob, a flunkey. He no more dares to think, or feel, or plan, or work out of that charmed circle to which he belongs, than the girl does outside the parlor where she receives visitors—in fact, all the manhood he has turns against him and tears him to pieces. They make him what is popularly called a gentleman; that is, a person who cannot use his hands to work with, or his feet to walk with, who cannot breakfast before nine o'clock or dine before six, or wear a soft hat or go ungloved, who cannot greet any who are beneath him in rank, or read a Radical paper or belong to a Radical club, or entertain opinions that are not accepted in the best circles. He is humanity turned topsey-turvey. Fine, high-bred, courteous, polished, generous, magnanimous, chivalrous, but all this in the interest not of his manliness but of his gentlemanliness, not of his humanity but of his inhumanity. Henry James says that the complete gentlemen is the complete devil.

Enlarge the household, but still you do not expel the foes. Let it be a State instead of a class or an order—there will be a State selfishness that is as fatal to the man's manliness as the ordinary family selfishness is. I am very sure we have found this out. Our foes in the great war we have just come through, were foes of the household. The Confederate leaders could not be loyalists, could not be Unionists, could not be Americans, could not be honorable, oath-keeping men, could not be friends of the largest Idea, because they were Virginians, or Carolinians, or Georgians. Pride of State forbade their thinking, feeling, or acting as they would have done if put upon their simple manhood. There must be no disloyalty to the State, no backwardness in the service of the State. The laws of the State, however barbarous, should be sustained; the institutions of the State, however rude, must be defended; the civilization of the State, however backward, must be justified; the honor of the State, however tarnished, must pass unchallenged. It is wonderful to think how much sensibility, and generosity, and courage, and devotion, and chivalrous faith under the action of this miserable perversion of principle, was turned sharply round into hostility to these very qualities rightly understood. The very manliness of the man became the man's worst enemy; his very nobleness the foe of his nobility; his very highmindedness the betrayer of his humanity; his very chivalry was in league against his honor; his magnanimity committed suicide.

At every step in life foes of the household appear. It is always some personal or local interest that makes war against justice, charity, duty. The fury of the strife always rages about that point in the bosom where the bosom sin has planted its banner. Three great struggles are going on in our communities, on the issue of which hangs the immediate destiny of our peculiar civilization. One is the struggle between temperance and intemperance, the other is the struggle between the democratic and the aristocrstic ideas of suffrage, the third is the struggle between free trade and protection. On all these fields the battle looks wild and confused. Friends and foes seem mingled together hopelessly, weapons fly about aimlessly, blows are struck at random. But when we put aside the incidental consideratıcns, and, looking through the mist, get glimpses of things as they are, we seem to discern this with some clearness, that the battle is waging ultimately between the man on the one side and his household foes on the other. The man says: I am a rational being; all men are rational beings; their rationality is coincident with their manliness. Rationality has no more instant foe than intemperance. Everything manly in us rises up to say, "The cause of temperance is the cause of the Republic; it is the cause of order, and law, and peace; of economy, and industry, and health. It is the cause of every father and mother, of every brother and sister, of every boy and girl, of every infant child in the land. It is the cause of all who value the home, of all who prize intelligence, and affection, and goodness; of all who set store by personal truth and honor. Into such a cause the real manliness of all manly men throws itself enthusiastically." What are the deadliest foes this manliness has to encounter? There is no foe but the miserable passion for the stimulant that lurks in the blood. Whoever allows that foe to hold his position, with any degree of force, holds his sword at the breast of this great manliness, as it presses forward to its work of regeneration. Whoever puts that foe beneath his feet, ranks himself with the manliness as it presses onward. Friend of prohibitory legislation he may or may not be, advocate of licouse he may or may not be, but friend and advocate of abstinence he is to the end—a cordial ally of those who are for bringing all the forces of morality to bear on the safety of the Republic. The victory over that one foe will ensure the victory of his whole manhood. That enemy subdued, he will think like a man, feel like a man, act and work like a man for that which to all manliness is unutterably dear, the rescue of the human from the bestial.

Again. The man says: All men have the same human rights that I have. Humanity is of no color or race or sex; of no clime or condition—it is simply *human.* All share it who have intelligence and conscience; all share it in common with duties and responsibilities; all share it in common with powers and trusts. Whoever understands the conditions of his own manhood, understands the conditions of all manhood. Whoever feels his *own* humanity, concedes that of his neighbors. Why, then, was impartial suffrage defeated all through the West lately? What foes withstood the people's manliness? It was not fear of black supremacy; it was not doubt of black virtue; it was not disbelief in black ability; it was not misgiving as to black qualification; it was not question of the logic of black rights. Go to the bottom of the matter, press into the citadel of opposition, and you find that the second deadly foe was pride of race. It was the white man's inherited loathing of the black man; the humanity of the people, their logic, their conscience, their kindness, their sense of justice, were all held at bay by that one adversary, who has entrenched himself behind a prejudice of rock.

Or again. The man says: The earth and its products belong to all who live on the planet; the race is a family on the globe. It is my duty to take the largest view of human relationships. I am bound to believe in the full correlation of human interests. My reason pledges me to the faith that the principles of free trade would, in the long run, equalize power, distribute wealth, promote good feeling between States and populations, overcome jealousies and mistrusts, and in a hundred ways advance the cause of peace between nations. The *idea* of free trade is fascinating to the reason and faith of men. It appeals to the moral sentiments; it almost touches the religious sense. What is its worst opponent? On *this* side its worst opponent is probably the private interest that is invested in wealthy monopolies. On this side I say—on this side of manliness, on this side of human sentiment and equity and charity. As an economical question the battle is fought on economical grounds. Then selfishness confronts selfishness; household foes with household foes contend; the humanity does not come in. But when the humanity does come in on one side, there is nothing to meet it on the other but this old enemy of selfishness.

Alas! no enemy is so fierce, so implacable as that; no strife is so desperate as that which the man in us carries on with the beast in us—with the fiend in us. It is the strife that draws heart's blood, and wars, and the most direful of wars, because the foes are members of the same household. The nearer the love, the nearer the hate. The closer the bond, the heartier the antipathy. Family feuds are the most hopeless feuds. On the same principle the conflict one wages with himself is more ferocious than any other. John Bunyan, under the impression that he was guilty of the unpardonable sin, went into the blackness of despair. Madame Guyon tore her flesh with thorns, lashed her shoulders with iron-pointed whips, walked with flints in her shoes, and seasoned her food with assafœtida, thinking to subdue a rebellious mind.

No foes make such havoc as these foes of the household. The household divided against itself falls. The man who is divided against himself kills himself. Every blow he strikes at his opponent tells on his own person; every wound he inflicts on his assailant makes his own heart bleed; every drop of blood he draws exhausts his own being. Whichever way the battle goes—*for* his virtue or *against* his virtue—the result is disastrous to him. For if his *virtue* conquers, then the passions, which are a part of his nature, and a most vital part too, are bruised and weakened, so that the man for the rest of his life is a pale, haggard, cheerless, bloodless, and, very possibly loveless and unlovely cripple; and if *vice* conquers, then, for the rest of his life, he is an animal disgusting and shocking, a manly form destitute of a manly soul. No outward enemy can hurt a sound heart. You may fight and fight desperately, and all your days. You may fight against poverty, against the elements—frost, fire, air, ocean—against physical infirmity, against ill fortune, accident, disappointment, loss, defeat. You may fight against the bear, the lion, the leviathan of the deep. You may fight against man in the competition of business, in the struggle for wealth, power, place, yea, for life on the battle-field, so long as the *heart* is sound, so long as there is no foe in that inner household, you cannot be hurt in your manhood; the battlling will do you good, you will be stronger for every encounter, your enemies will be your best friends.

The Greek myth tells that when Hercules, after death, was introduced into the circle of the gods on Mount Olympus, he passed by Minerva, and even the supreme Jove, who had alway befriended him, and made obeisance to the vengeful form who had persecuted him remorselessly from the very day he was born. The deities gazed at one another in surprise, and a murmur ran round the assembly; but the hero said: "To Juno, first of all, I owe my thanks, for it was her enmity that made me what I am; by giving me the foes I conquered; to her I owe my place among the immortals." This same Hercules came safely through all his labors, what from conflict to conflict, and from strength to strength, drew into himself the power of the monsters he conquered, and the courage of the giants he slew. But his mistres one day, to recover his love, gave him the Centaur's shirt, which, the moment it warmed to his body, sent a subtle poison into his blood. The hero, in his great agony, tried to pull it off, but it clung to him like his skin, and as he wrenched it from him, pieces of the flesh came with it. It was an enemy he could not strike with his club or pierce with his arrow; the more fiercely he grappled it, the more frightfully he suffered, till at last he was forced to lay down and die. Nothing degrades like battle with household enemies; for that is the soul turning vengefully on itself and gnawing at its own vitals; the more fiercely it bites, the more fatally.

I have described the household foe under many aspects. I have shown him opposing manliness and womanliness at home, binding conscience and killing faith. I have shown him withstanding all the endeavors of the person to be kind, generous, interested, sympathetic. I have shown him warring against the divine institution of marriage, contesting the claims of strangers to courtesy, aid and good will. I have shown him plotting treason and ruin against the nation. I have shown him organizing to defeat the great causes in which human kind are interested. I have tried to make you see that under all these forms he was the same thing, namely: *selfishness*, the love of the *animal* nature as opposed to *self-love*, which is the love of the *rational* nature. That is the foe of the household, the foe of all manliness, of all human faith, hope and charity.

I know no way of conquering him except by the steady and persistent culture of that same charity, hope and faith. The Beast will not crouch till the Man appears in which manliness is rooted.

De Tocqueville says: "In a democracy, it is of supreme importance that the people be encouraged to look forward to a distant future, that the aspect of a broad horizon, and the feeling of extended relationships, and the thought of crowding and magnificent interests may counteract the tendency to petty personal materialism which demoralizes." The remark goes deep. It is only by cherishing the great sentiments that dignify existence, the grand truths that fill the imagination, enlarge the reason, exalt the feelings, enchant the heart, that we get the better of the miserable demons that infest the bosom. Nothing less than the majesty of God, the vastness of humanity, the power of peace, of an eternal world, will avail to bind and cast into the pit the smallest bosom foe that infests us. Let the angel of a pure charity appear, and the arch fiend is already prepared for the abyss. In Guido's great picture of Michael chaining Satan for a Thousand Years, the angel is described as a fair youth, with smooth limbs, a soft countenance, bright sunny hair, a movement as light as a maid's. His descent from heaven is not a falling through the air, but a floating in it. Yet beneath his airy tread the huge, tawny, fire-breathing fiend crouches and sinks like a worm. So let the angel of a pure charity appear, and the arch fiend will already be prepared for the abyss.

LITERARY.

The *Christian Examiner* for November presents a series of unusually interesting papers. The first, and one of the best, is upon Frances Power Cobbe, by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn. The account given of Miss Cobbe and her works will be read with special interest by her numerous friends and admirers on this side of the Atlantic. Through her interest in and co-operation with Theodore Parker, as well as through her own books, she has become widely known to American readers. Miss Cobbe was born in Dublin in the Autumn of 1822. "Her future leader and inspirer, Theodore Parker," says Mr. Chadwick, "was at that time a boy of twelve, wonderfully studious, making the most of the Latin Dictionary he had purchased with the proceeds of his huckelberries the August previous, the firstling of that flock of books he shepherded so well." Mr. Chadwick continues: "Miss Cobbe is sometimes spoken of as if she were merely a follower of Theodore Parker, a sort of spiritual valet to that hero in the lists of thought. But had this been her relation to him she would not have understood him—would not have been, as she has been thus far, the best of his interpreters. It takes a hero to comprehend a hero. Miss Cobbe is not a mere follower of Parker, but a contemporary growth, and for this very reason she has comprehended him so well, or rather apprehended him; for who has yet *comprehended* the breadth and altitude of that great-hearted man?" Of her several works, "Intuitive Morals" is characterized as the greatest. The criticism of this, as of the others, is carefully considered and kindly appreciative. The paper concludes with a pleasant personal notice of Miss Cobbe. She is described as "large; her face full of expression; her brow very beautiful; her eyes luminous, rather than flashing; her mouth flexible, and quivering with wit, humor, and a power of sarcasm that seldom appears in her writings." She has immense animal spirits; is eminently a magnetic person, "a very genial, suggestive, and exhilarating talker, without pedantry or fluent rattle." Her "influence is of the very noblest sort, because she is a woman—never so completely anything else as she is that; never losing in the sweep of her attainments, the peculiar charm which indicates her sex. And more than anything else in her—

> 'The ever womanly draweth us on.'"

Other noticeable papers in the present number of the *Examiner* are "Bunsen's Egypt," by Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, the result of much careful study; "Youmans on Modern Culture," by F. Tiffany; and "Woman in Public Life," by W. R. Alger.

Mr. Horace B. Fuller, of Boston, has purchased *Merry's Museum*, which will henceforth be under the editorial management of Miss Louisa M. Alcott.

Gail Hamilton has a book in press, which will be issued next month, with the title of "Woman's Wrongs."

STORIES AND SIGHTS OF FRANCE AND ITALY. By Grace Greenwood. With Illustrations. 291 pages. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is one of those juvenile books which will interest also "children of a larger growth." It is a simple but fascinating description of some of the chief places of interest in France and Italy, as they appeared to the author fifteen years ago. Brief and appropriate narratives of the leading historical events associated with these places are very happily interwoven with the record, and add much to the interest and value of the book.

AMONG THE BIRDS. A Series of Sketches for Young Folks, Illustrating the Domestic Life of our Feathered Friends. By Edward A Samuels. 223 pages. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

A glance at this neatly bound and fitly illustrated little volume, assures us that the author has admirably succeeded in what he tells us in his modest preface, was his modest endeavor—"To weave among the woof of facts regarding our most familiar birds, their habits and peculiarities, a warp of romantic fancy; believing that such will be more attractive than plain and consequently more technical descriptions." We congratulate our young people that they are favored with this opportunity to gain a knowledge of ornithology under the guise of pleasure. We trust such books will be multiplied, and that instruction in other departments may be thus simplified and rendered attractive. It is a method that cannot be too highly commended.

The Phrenological Journal for December contains 17 portraits of distinguished men, with their biographies—George Peabody, President Woolsey, Elias Howe, Oliver Cromwell, Rev. Dr. Worcester, Chauncey Giles, Abiel Silver, J. R. Hibbard, James P. Stuart, J. C. Ager, W. B. Hayden, and others. The Sultan of Turkey, and a Glance at his Empire; Our Social Relations; the Paris Exposition; Unmarried; What shall We Do with Old Maids? History of the New Jerusalem, or Swedenborgian Church; Saints and Sinners; and much other instructive matter. A new volume begins with the next number. $3 a year. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.

RECEIVED.

CHRISTMAS STORIES AND SKETCHES. By Boz, Diamond edition of Dickens's works. 500 pages, with illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT. By Mrs. R. H. Davis. 330 pages, illustrated. New York: Sheldon and Company.

THREE ENGLISH STATESMEN—Pym, Cromwell, Pitt. A Course of Lectures on the Political History of England. By Goldwin Smith. 298 pages. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE ARABULA, OR THE DIVINE GUEST. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 403 pages. New York: William White & Co.

MACE'S FAIRY BOOK. By Jean Mace. 304 pages. Translated by Mary L. Booth. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, for the Academical year 1867-68. Cambridge: Seaver & Francis.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Little & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

ART ITEMS.

The first Fall and Winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open at the new Academy building, corner of Twenty-Third street and Fourth avenue. The pictures are not as numerous as at the Spring exhibitions, but the average merit is fully equal. Most though not all of our well known artists are represented. The present is the beginning of regular Winter exhibitions to be held yearly hereafter. They are not to interrupt or to change the character of the annual Spring exhibitions, but are intended to afford artists a continuous opportunity to exhibit their works, and to provide for the entertainment and instruction of the public a gallery throughout the year. About the 20th of December a collection of water colors will be added to the present exhibition. We shall have occasion hereafter to refer to some of the pictures. Among the portraits is one, truthful and pleasing, of John Jay, Esq., by Huntington. The full-length marble statue of Columbus, by Emma Stebbins, will itself well repay a visit to the exhibition.

Thompson's bust of William Cullen Bryant, the gift of a private citizen to the Central Park, is nearly completed.

A number of public-spirited gentlemen of this city, have presented to the Central Park a bronze statue of the "Tigress," heroic size, the master-piece of Cain, the celebrated French sculptor.

Special Notices.

"THE NOO YORC LEDGER OF WIT" Established 1858, LARGE DOUBLE SHEET ILLUSTRATED, HUM

Miscellaneous Department.

"OLD JOHN BROWN."

[The following singularly prophetic lines were published in the *Religious Monthly* in December, 1859, soon after the execution of Brown.]

They call thee hot-brained, crazed, and mad;
But every word that falls
Goes straight and true, and hits the mark;
More sure than cannon-balls;
Through spectre-forms of bogus law,
It cuts its way complete,
And judge and jury too, are tried
At God's great judgment-seat.

Old man, farewell, they'll take thy life;
For dangerous enough,
In these our sweetly piping times,
Are men of hero stuff.
We should tread soft above the fires
That underneath us lie;
You'll crack the crust of compromise,
And set them spouting high!

Where Henry's cry for "Liberty"
Once sent its shivering thrill,
There's only room six feet by two
For heroes now to fill.
And o'er the spot the years will roll,
As spring its verdure weaves,
And autumn, o'er the felon's grave
Shakes down its yellow leaves.

But not the spot six feet by two
Will hold a man like thee:—
John Brown will tramp the shaking earth
From Blue Ridge to the sea,
Till the strong angel comes at last,
And opes each dungeon door,
And God's Great Charter holds and saves
O'er all his humble poor.

And then the humble poor will come,
In that far distant day,
And from the felon's nameless grave,
They'll brush the leaves away;
And gray old men will point the spot
Beneath the pine-tree shade,
As children ask with streaming eyes,
Where old John Brown was laid.

GERRIT SMITH AT HOME.

New York, Nov. 1, 1867.

Your corespondent and wife, accepting an invitation to visit the home of this well known philanthropist, arrived at Canastota, on the New York Central Railroad, on a fine day in October. They there found Mr. Smith's carriage in waiting, to take them to Peterboro, a distance of nine miles in a southerly direction.

The fine carriage road over which we passed, is known as the "Stone Road," and was built mostly by Mr. Smith. It runs through a fine wheat growing section and rises one hundred feet to the mile, until it reaches Peterboro, which is nine hundred feet above the level of Canastota valley. As you ascend the hill, you have a fine view of Oneida Lake and the surrounding country. After a ride of an hour and a half we reached the village of Peterboro and the residence of Gerrit Smith, where we were warmly welcomed by himself and family.

The old family mansion is at the edge of the village, standing back from the highway about one hundred and fifty feet. It was originally built by Mr. Smith's father, but has recently been enlarged and improved, modern conveniences introduced, and the whole furnished in most excellent taste, with all the comforts a household could desire.

The gardens, to which the public are freely admitted, are extensive, well stocked with choice fruit, and kept in excellent order. The Oneida Creek, which divides the garden, furnishes an abundant supply of water for a fine fountain and other purposes, and with its winding course, marked by numerous waterfalls, adds a beautiful feature to the landscape.

The graperies and greenhouses are on a liberal scale, the lawn studded with noble elms and maples, the outbuildings commodious, well planned and harmonizing in color and effect with the mansion itself. The whole air and appearance of the place is one of culture and refinement.

Mr. Smith's father received from the Oneida Indians fifty thousand acres of land. At his death this property descended to his son Gerrit. These lands he has gradually sold, and given away, until five hundred acres only remain, and these constitute the present home farm, which is under the care and management of his grandson, Gerrit Miller. Gerrit Smith's own purchases of land have been further to the north—many of them at and near Oswego—and at one time he held seven hundred and fifty thousand acres.

The immediate family of Mr. Smith consists of himself and wife, son and daughter. The son, Greene Smith, has a beautiful residence on the border of Seneca Lake, at Geneva, New York. The daughter, Mrs. Miller, now travelling with her husband in Europe, has a country seat near her father. Her two sons, Gerrit and Willie, at present make their home with their grandparents.

Mrs. Smith, formerly one of the Fitzhughs of Maryland, a family of high character and distinction, is a lady of quiet manners, with an affectionate, sympathetic nature, having a keen perception of the beautiful in nature, music and the fine arts. She is an ornament to society, and at the same time fully awake to the practical part of life necessary in good housekeeping, is a tower of strength to her husband, and seconds heartily all his movements for the good of mankind.

In this connection we cannot forbear mentioning Mrs. James G. Birney, a sister of Mrs. Smith, now visiting the family, a lady of marked ability and force of character, who with her buoyant health and sprightly manners, gives great life and cheeriness to the household.

Gerrit Smith (or *Garrit*, as he is called by his neighbors) is one of the most genial and hospitable of men. His guests are made, at once, to feel that they are members of his family. He is seventy years of age, but his fine physique and cheerful spirit make him appear much younger. Rising at five in the morning, he occupies his time in his study, or in directing matters out of doors, until the hour arrives for family worship. This ceremony he conducts in a most impressive manner—first by reading, or repeating, some familiar hymn and frequently leading the singing himself, though usually this is done by Mrs. Smith. He then *repeats*, without referring to the printed page, a chapter from the Bible, for he seems to have memorized the entire book. Then follows a prayer, earnest and powerful, and full of love to God and man. His voice, deep and sonorous in tone, adds greatly to the beauty of his song, recitation or prayer.

As frequently occurs in deeply religious natures, there is in Mr. Smith a latent vein of wit and merriment which sparkles out in many ways in social converse with his friends. No entertainment is more charming than his dinner talks. His experience in Anti-Slavery and Temperance reforms, and his personal acquaintance with the prominent reformers and statesmen of the past half century, added to a thorough knowledge of history and a great command of language, gives him the power to furnish his guests with a rare intellectual repast.

To us he gave a happy description of his life in Washington, and of his anti-wine dinner parties given to his associates in Congress, who found no fault with the dinner, save that the abundant supply of cold water slightly chilled their ardent spirits.

At table he frequently gives a poetic welcome to such guests as may be present. He calls it simple rhyming, but his friends know that the ring of the genuine metal is there.

The family history is recorded in rhyme in a book kept for that purpose, in which all his poems—grave and gay, lively and severe—are collected, as well as those of other members of the family, and such as his guests from time to time may contribute.

Mr. Smith's public munificence is known the world over, but his private charities are equally liberal, as many families in Peterboro, and elsewhere, can testify.

Besides taking and reading sixty newspapers a week, his time is also occupied by an extensive home and foreign correspondence. The business of his Land Office also requires some attention, but in this department he has a valuable assistant in his head clerk, Mr. Calkins, who has been with him thirty-six years.

Though accomplishing a great amount of mental labor, Mr. Smith is very regular in his habits of physical exercise. His custom is to walk from three to five miles daily. On one of these occasions it was our privilege to join him for a ramble over his improved lands. It was then he explained how, at a cost of ten thousand dollars, he had lowered the bed of Oneida Creek several feet and walled up its banks—thus being able to drain a large tract of swampy land into it, and by so doing improving the health of the country and getting access to an inexhaustible supply of peat and marl. On a portion of this reclaimed land we noticed a herd of fine cattle and horses grazing.

The town of Peterboro is much indebted to Mr. Smith in many ways. He is held in such high esteem by his neighbors that his influence is all-pervading, and rum and slavery find scarcely an advocate.

In religion, Mr. Smith is a liberal Christian. He has built a small church where the people gather twice on the Sabbath—in the morning—to hear preaching from Rev. Mr. Bridge, and in the afternoon to a conference meeting, at which all present are invited to take part in discussing the subject of the morning sermon. These are meetings of peculiar interest, as Mr. Smith usually speaks. Since his withdrawal from the Presbyterian church, that society has ceased to hold any service, and their building has fallen into disuse.

In these few notes the readers of the *Advance* may learn something of the home-life of a remarkable man. Some writer, in the future, will give him a place high in the pages of history, but no better memoir can be written than that already recorded in the hearts of the poor and needy.—*Visitor, in the Advance.*

THE HEBREW'S PRAYER.

The following beautiful and touching lines, rebuking the cruel and unchristian laws of professedly Chistian nations, against the Hebrew, were taken from a satirical poem, entitled the "Devil's Progress," published in London, 1849.

The preface says, "that Southey (or perhaps Southey and Coleridge, jointly) is pretty generally supposed to be its author."

A Hebrew knelt in the dying light,
His eye was dim and cold,
The hairs on his brow were silver-white,
And his blood was thin and old!
He lifted his look to his latest sun,
For he knew that his Pilgrimage was done!
And as he saw God's *shadow* there,*
His spirit bowed itself in prayer!

"I come unto death's second birth,
Beneath a stranger air,
A pilgrim on a dull, cold earth,
As all my fathers were!
And men have stamped me with a curse,—
I feel it is not *Thine*,
Thy mercy, like yon sun, was made
On me, as them, to shine;
And, therefore, dare I lift mine eye,
Through that, to Thee, before I die!

"In this great temple built by Thee,
Whose altars *are* divine,
Beneath yon lamp, that, ceaselessly,
Lights up Thine own true shrine,
Oh! take my latest sacrifice,—
Look down, and make this sod
Holy as that where, long ago,
The Hebrew met his God?

"I have not caused the widow's tears,
Nor dimmed the orphan's eye;
I have not stained the virgin's years,
Nor mocked the mourner's cry;
The Songs of Zion in mine ear,
Have ever been most sweet,
And, always, when I felt Thee near,
My 'shoes' were 'off my feet!'

"I have known Thee in the wirlwind,
I have known Thee on the hill,
I have loved Thee in the voice of birds,
Or the music of the rill!
I dreamt Thee in the shadow,
I saw Thee in the light,
I heard Thee in the thunder peal,
And worshipped in the night!
All beauty, while it spoke of Thee,
Still made my soul rejoice,
And my spirit bowed within itself,
To hear Thy 'small still voice!'
I *have* not felt myself a thing
Far from Thy presence driven,
By flaming sword or waving wing,
Shut out from Thee in Heaven!

"Must I the whirlwind reap, because
My fathers sowed the storm,
Or shrink because *another* sinned,
Beneath Thy red right arm?
Oh! much of this we dimly scan,
And much is all unknown.—
But I will not take my curse from *man*—
I turn to Thee alone!
Oh! bid my fainting spirit live,
And what is dark reveal,
And what is evil, oh! forgive,
And what is broken heal,
And cleanse my nature from above,
In the deep Jordan of Thy love!

"I know not if the Christian's heaven
Shall be the same as mine,
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to Thine!
I weary on a far, dim strand,
Whose mansions are as tombs,
And long to find the father-land,
Where there are many homes!
Oh! grant, of all yon starry thrones,
Some dim and distant star,
Where Judah's lost and scattered sons
May love Thee from afar!
When all earth's myriad harps shall meet
In choral praise and prayer,
Shall Zion's harp, of old so sweet,
Alone be wanting there?
Yet, place me in Thy lowest seat,
Though I, as now, be there,
The Christian's scorn, the Christian's jest;
But let me see and hear,
From some dim mansion in the sky,
Thy bright ones and their melody!"

The sun goes down with sudden gleam,
And, beautiful as a lovely dream,
And silently as air,
The vision of a dark-eyed girl,
With long and raven hair,
Glides in, as guardian spirits glide,
And lo! is kneeling by his side,
As if her sudden presence there
Were sent in answer to his prayer!
(Oh! say they not that angels tread
Around the good man's dying bed!)
His child! his sweet and sinless child!
And as he gazed on her,
He knew his God was reconciled,
And this the messenger,—
As sure as God had hung on high,
The promise-bow before his eye!
Earth's purest hope thus o'er him flung,
To point his heavenward faith,
And life's most holy feeling strung,
To sing him into death!
And on his daughter's stainless breast,
The dying Hebrew sought his rest!

*Plato calls Truth, the body of God, and Light, his *shadow*!—perhaps the sublimest of all conceptions, having a merely mortal breast for their birth-place.

How Authors Work.—Bulwer accomplishes his voluminous productions in about three hours a day, usually from ten until one, and seldom later, writing all with his own hand. Composition was at first very laborious to him, but he gave himself sedulously to mastering its difficulties, and is said to have rewritten some of his briefer productions eight or nine times before publication. He now writes very rapidly, averaging, it is said, twenty octavo pages a day. He says of himself, in a letter to a friend: "I literize away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as best I may, sometimes by correcting a proof.

Charles Anthon, so well known to the classical students of this generation, was accustomed, for many years at least, constantly to retire at ten and rise at four, so that a large portion of his day's work was done by breakfast time; and it was this untiring industry that enabled him, despite his incessant labors both in college and in school, to produce soms fifty volumes.

Buckle, even more systematically and laboriously than ever did Gibbon, devoted himself to the formation of his style of writing as a special preparation for entering upon the composition of his history. In his later years he abandoned the custom of writing at night, and it was his usual practice to lay aside his pen at three o'clock in the afternoon. When at home in London, he spent an hour or so in walking about the city, frequently dined out, and read an hour after coming home. He went to dinner parties exclusively, it is said, because they took less time than others.—*November Atlantic.*

THE USE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

For several thousand years the object for which the "Great Pyramid" was constructed was a mystery to the whole world, and many of the most learned savans have exhausted surmise and speculation in their fruitless efforts to solve the riddle. A few years ago a gentleman in London, a Mr. Thomas Maylor, conceived the idea that the structure was inspired by Divine Providence to afford the Egyptians a standard for their weights and measures. This theory found but few proselytes among scientific men in Europe; but fanciful and far-fetched as it is, it has recently found an advocate on this side of the water in the person of Professor Eaton of New York, who read an elaborate essay on the subject the other day before the University Convocation at Albany. In support of this view he said that the pyramid was perfectly symmetrical, with five sides and five angles. It was originally 762 feet on each side, and is now the highest and largest building erected by man. Sir Isaac Newton had devoted his time and labor in analyzing the ancient cubit, and came to the conclusion that it was 25 inches and a little more. The circle which forms the correlative to the pyramid consists of 365¼ of these cubits, thus corresponding to the year.

The pyramid was made plane to the meridian, without hieroglyphics or secret inscriptions, as all burial places of antiquity did have, which are found everywhere else. The box which was found in the centre of the body has been commonly supposed to be a sarcophagus, but there is no appearance to bear this theory out. No procession of priests could enter, and it is indeed difficult for any one. The granite of which a portion of the pyramid is made is not found near at hand, and indeed not closer than Mount Sinai. The structure seems to be built on the most correct principles of geometry. It includes in pointing with the North Star, or that star which, in the procession of the equinoxes, four thousand years ago, was the North Star. Professor Eaton then proceeded to show that the temperature of the central room was uniform throughout, thus affording a place for keeping weights and measures; that the box affords an exact liquid measure; that water was found in the pyramid itself, thus giving pure material for careful examination; that the opening in the pyramid looked out on the lower culmination of the North Star at the time of its erection, and not on the upper, because the Pleiades would interfere with this view; and that it is on the exact spot for the purpose of taking astronomical observations.

A DAY WITHOUT A NIGHT.

W. W. Thomas, late United States Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, in a letter from Norway, thus describes that far northern country, and one of its particular phenomena:

Imagine a high table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in Winter, sodden in Summer—the home of a few reindeer and Lapps, and you have Norway proper, nine-tenths of the Norway that is shown on the map. But the rock is not whole; it is cracked apart here and there, and fissures show like slender veins over the country. The sides of these ravines are steep as the cleft left by an axe, and their depths are always filled by a foaming brook or river tumbling along from the drenched table-land above the sea. I have looked from the bottom of one of these valleys and seen the perpendicular rock rise like a strip of blue ribbon. Wherever in these dales there lies a bit of earth 'twixt rock and river, there the Norwegian peasant has built his cot; and it is on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway is situated, and here lives its 1,200,000 people. The land just around his door gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley, and oats; his cattle climb the steeps above for every stray blade; for the rest he depends upon the sea and river. Were it not for the excellent fisheries along this northern shore, Norway would be uninhabitable.

One night in July, 1805, Hon. H. Campbell, late minister at Stockholm, the two Messrs. Buckley, of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern fiord in latitude sixty degrees north. We ascended a cliff which rose 1,000 feet above the level of the sea. It was late, but still sunlight. The Arctic Ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy lookout. Away in the north the huge old sun swung along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at twelve midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave—a bridge of gold running due north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty, which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats; no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptible on its beat, the colors changed to those of the morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

A NEW ENGLAND PHILOSOPHER.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes from Concord, Mass.:

Next to the Hawthorne place is the residence of A. Bronson Alcott, one of the most singular, and, in many respects, most interesting characters, our country has produced. Born in 1799, Mr. Alcott has lived half a century, more independent of the world, perhaps, than any other man of the time. He has been a mystic philosopher all his life, with very rare powers as a thinker, and moral qualities which make him a man quite apart from the world. The purity and beauty of his spiritual nature are evident to all. He has a child-like winsomeness of face and manner which disarms prejudice at once. Tall, and of rather large frame, he is somewhat bowed, but not with age, rather with a habit of leaning forward, as if to thrust his dreamy eyes into the secrets of the world. Once he must have been very handsome; but now his face is furrowed and a little fallen. There is beauty enough in it, however, when the ever-ready enthusiasm is kindled. Mr. Alcott began life as a traveller through the Southern States—mere book-peddler we should have to call him, except he was then, as now, sublimely indifferent to all world's business. To see men and women he used the style and trade of a peddler, and, by mere chance, got a living. He saw many families of English descent and manners, and gathered great stores of observations and reflections. Of course he saw slavery. The result of all in his own mind was the most profound sense of entire wrong in human society. Socialism attracted him, but none of its experiments met his ideal. He determined to establish old Paradise again, a state of life as independent as that of Adam in Eden. Fixing on a spot some distance up country, he made his experiment. No buying or selling, no paying taxes, no animal food, and I do not know what all, were features of his scheme. His grand aim was to live a life of the soul only, the most elevated possible. At one time he wished to have food only of things growing at some elevation. A number of persons joined him, but only his soul was really in the movement. It appeared before long that the rest would cheerfully live on him and his wife. The latter became sensible, also, that children could not be clothed and fed merely with elevation of soul. To aspire to that, and nothing else, might do for him; the little ones must have bread and butter. Not questioning that the mother must thus leave him. Alcott did not at once surrender his dream. It demands a martyr, he said, some one to die for it, willing to starve rather than descend to the sordid ways of the world. Shutting himself in his room, he resigned his body to famine, his soul to the Infinite. At the end of three days—three full days of close quarters with starvation and the Infinite—an idea struck his mind with the force of a revelation—wouldn't it be better to come down just enough to get hold of the world and try to set it right? The philosopher came down, and ever since has allowed his feet to shuffle themselves along in the usual paths, his head, though, solemnly indifferent to the whole business of getting on in the world. For a time Boston became his home. As a teacher of children he entered upon a third period of his life. In this work his success seems to have been remarkable; but more to the advantage of the children than to his own. It was at this time that Mr. Alcott perceived the value of conversation, and very soon he entered upon the profession, as it were, of public talker, and removed his residence to Concord. Holding public conversations from time to time, he became widely known to thinkers of the transcendental school, and not more known than respected. The moral beauty of his teaching, and often its spiritual richness, could not be denied. His perceptions and discriminations rarely failed to challenge attention, if they did not obtain entire assent. The one vice of talking too much; multiplying words without end when the matter was exhausted, has impaired a good deal of his power, yet he is respected and revered by all who understand his mood well enough to be patient with him. During nearly sixty years he has kept a journal of his best thoughts, and of the facts which interested him as an idealist. I have had the pleasure of reading in this journal passages of speculation, or of criticism, which exceed in depth and exquisite fineness of perception all the thinking of our time—if I may presume to judge. Probably no living man is less influenced by current ideas and consecrations and traditions than the dreaming patriarch of the transcendentalists. The absolute is his only law, and to that he has bowed for three-score years, regardless of all prejudices and beliefs around him. Thoreau was of a similar temper, but of far inferior powers.

BABY FLO!

BY EDWARD NEVINS.

Crowing, crowing all the day,
Darling little Flo,
How we love you none may say,
Darling little Flo:
Lying in your cradle there,
Like a rosebud and as fair,
Double heart and love your share,
Precious little Flo.

Leaping, leaping in our arms,
Darling little Flo,
Know you how your bright eye charms,
Darling little Flo?
You have bound us closer now,
Stronger made the olden vow,
Gemmed the Faith, and clasped the bow,
Precious little Flo.

Chirping chirping like a bird,
Darling little Flo,
Every note of yours is heard,
Darling little Flo.
No rude winds may come to you,
While our hearts make room for you,
Bye-and-bye the storms will blow,
Precious little Flo.

Prattle prattle then to-day,
Darling little Flo,
We will kiss your tears away,
Darling little Flo;
Crow and chirrup, laugh and sing,
In your baby wondering,
You have filled our hearts with spring,
Precious little Flo.

RANGES OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

Dion Boucicault, writing to the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the Albert Hall of Science and Art, make some observations on the action and range of the human voice which are not without interest to the general reader, while suggestive to the public speaker and singer. The human voice, when its utterances are clearly articulated, and if it is supplied with good lungs, will fill 400,000 cubic feet of air, provided they be inclosed in a proper manner and the voice placed and directed advantageously. This space, we may remark by the way, would be represented by a hall 125 feet long by 80 feet wide and 40 feet high. The same voice singing, continues Boucicault, can fill with equal facility 600,000 cubic feet. When singing, the vowels are principally used, because it is necessary to dwell upon a note, and we cannot prolong a consonant. In speaking, on the contrary, we depend for articulation on the consonants, but their short percussive sound does not travel. When we shout, or in open air speaking, which partakes of shouting, we prolong the vowels, drawling the syllable at each word, but what we gain in sound is lost in clearness of articulation; expression is lost in monotony, because its fineness depends on the infinite variety of which the consonant is capable and bestows on the vowel. Two thousand voices, singing or speaking together, travel no farther than one voice. They may fill a certain area more completely with that intricacy of waves which, when very troublesome, we call a din, but each voice exerts its own influence on the air, according to its power, and dies away within certain limits. A second voice acts independently and produces its own separate effect, not fortifying the first, but distinct from it. And so with any number of voices, say 10,000, shouting together, if a single trumpeter were placed among them the notes of his trumpet would be heard clearly at a distance where the bable of voices would have expired in a murmur. Yet, among the din produced by the 10,000 voices the trumpet would be inaudable. To illustrate this theory more clearly, it is plain that 2,000 persons cannot throw stones further than one person. It is true that the air within certain limits will be more full of stones, but they will all come to the ground within a limited area.

REVELATIONS ABOUT MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Just now the interest in the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette has been revived in this country by the talent of Glacommetti and the genius of Ristori, and in France by the publication of the *Secret Memoirs of J. M. Augeard.* This Augeard was a secretary of Marie Antoinette's, and died in 1805. His manuscript history, but lately published, is extremely entertaining. Of course he was a strong loyalist and cordially hated the revolutionists. The London *Athenæum*, in a review of the work, gives this summary of Augeard's estimate of the Queen:

A gold-embroidered rascalry surrounded the King, a frivolous crowd of women seduced the Queen to indulge in pursuits below her dignity, yet extravagantly costly in the indulgence. Accordingly, the ancient nobility at Versailles ridiculed Marie Antoinette as a democrat; the enraged and overtaxed people of Paris cursed her for an aristocrat. In the eyes of one, she stooped too low; in those of the other, she held her head too high.

In Augeard's volume she is simply gracious. In greatness or in sorrow she never forgets her queenly dignity or her womanly sweetness. We get but a glance or two at her, till she is in the midst of the breakers; for Augeard had quietly served her for years, never overstepping the limits of his duty, yet publishing anonymous pamphlets, not to extol, but to warn and save the royalty he loved. The Queen had probably learnt something of this when, after the royal family had been forcibly brought from Versailles to Paris, she received him privately at the Tuileries, and asked him his opinion and his advice. She dragged him from room to room, pausing to speak in none, because of the listeners at every door, till she reached the little chamber where her daughter lay on a sofa, for want of a bed. When the Queen asked him for his opinion, she seemed paralyzed by his answer—"Madame, you are a prisoner."

Augeard's advice was that she should make her escape, with her children, to Vienna, to obtain the imperial succor that should save her husband. Her sanguine secretary pledged himself for the success of the enterprise. Marie Antoinette was captivated with thoughts of it for a time; but finally she resolutely refused to make the attempt. "My duty," she said, "is not to abandon my husband. I should stay and die at the King's feet." Augeard thought she would act more wisely by escaping and obtaining help to save the King's life.

But that aid would not have been accorded by Austria, even if Marie Antoinette had implored it in person. When Augeard himself visited the Elector of Treves, and asked him to obtain the intervention of his brother the Emperor for the husband of their sister, Marie Antoinette, the Elector laughed at him. That prince declared that royalty in France was suffering from its own follies, and nothing could justify the Emperor in squandering sixty thousand men and sixty million louis of money in the quarrels of others. France would never take such a step for Austria if Austria was in similar difficulty. As for helping a king against his rebellious subjects, "I should very much like to know," said the Prince Elector, "who stirred Holland to revolt? Who set the Belgian provinces in agitaton against my brother? Was it not the King of France who furnished arms to America against her legitimate sovereign, the King of England? And now the stones are tumbling about your own ears, you are screaming out to Europe to come to your help!"

The Talent of Success.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so about fame, about what the world says of us, to be always looking in the face of others for approval—to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say—to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our voices.—*Longfellow.*

That was a fair hit of the colored barber, in reply to the Copperhead exquisite, who, after living abroad during the whole war for the purpose of escaping the draft, returned for the purpose of joining the ranks of the rebel sympathizers.

"Well, Sam," said he, "I understand that you colored fellows have been elevated during my absence."

"No, sir," was the reply. "You are mistaken; it is the white people who have elevated themselves in trying to do justice to us."

DECKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE IVORY AGRAFFE BAR

PIANO-FORTES,

HAVE REMOVED TO

NO. 2 UNION SQUARE,

Corner of FOURTH AVENUE and FOURTEENTH STREET.

Our instruments are acknowleged to be superior to all others with regard to TONE, TOUCH, SINGING QUALITY and DURABILITY OF CONSTRUCTION.

We call special attention to our NEW IVORY AGRAFFE BAR, which renders the upper notes exceedingly CLEAR, UNIFORM and PURE; harmonizes the entire scale, and facilitates ease and rapidity of playing.

☞ MARK WELL THE NAME AND LOCALITY.

DECKER & CO.,

No. 2 Union Square, cor. 4th Avenue and 14th street.

The DAY of DOOM;

AND OTHER POEMS. By Rev. Michael Wigglesworth. First published in 1862. One of the most popular books in New England for a century and a half. Price $1.

29-41 AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

THE BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.

PIANO-FORTES.

The Cheapest First-Class Instruments in the market.

DEALERS SUPPLIED ON LOW TERMS.

Also the

WM. McCAMMON PIANOS.

Pianos to rent and for sale on instalments.

Purchasers will find it much to their interest to address th subscriber for circulars and prices.

SIBERIA OTT,
Wholesale Agent,
581 Broadway, New York City.
1y

THE SINGER SEWING-MACHINE,

With Improvements and Attachments for every speciality including BUTTON-HOLE MACHINES.

tf No. 458 Broadway.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

NEW FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE

Now ready; also Button-hole Machine.

tf No. 458 Broadway.

THE UNION BUTTON-HOLE MACHINE

Sold exclusively by the
SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
tf No. 458 Broadway

THE MANSFIELD ACADEMY, FOR BOYS.

194 Henry street, between State and Joralemon,

BROOKLYN.

EDWARD S. BUNKER, Principal,
Assisted by a full corps of experienced teachers.

Open for the reception of Pupils, September 11th, 1866.

During the months of May and June, the Principal will be in attendance on Saturdays from 8 to 10 a.m.

Parents are invited to correspond.

Circulars sent on application.

Principal's Residence, 28 Garden street. 1 26

EXTINGUISHER.

ALWAYS READY FOR INSTANT USE. PUTS OUT FIRE INSTANTLY

PORTABLE, SELF-ACTING

FIRE-ENGINE.

No building safe without them.
Price, No. 1, $45; No. 2, $50; No. 3, $55.
Send for Circular. U. S. FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO., No. 8 Dey street, New York.

THE HORACE WATERS GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS, MELODEONS AND CABINET ORGANS. Wholesale and Retail. To let, and rent allowed if purchased. Monthly payments received for the same. Second-hand Pianos at bargains, from $60 to $225. Cash paid for second-hand Pianos. Pianos tuned and repaired. New 7-octave Pianos for $175 and upwards.

Factory and Warerooms No. 481 Broadway, New York.
1y HORACE WATERS.

PARIS EXPOSITION. 1867.

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL FOR

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS,

APPARATUS FOR RESECTIONS. APPARATUS FOR UNUNITED FRACTURES,

FEET FOR LIMBS SHORTENED BY HIP DISEASE.

ARMS AND HANDS.

SOLDIERS PROVIDED BY U. S. COMMISSION.

E. D. HUDSON, M.D.,

696 Broadway, Northeast corner Fourth street.

ENTRANCE ON FOURTH STREET.

(Removed from Clinton Hall, Astor Place.)

JEAN INGELOW'S NEW POEMS. — The great popularity of the Poetess Laureate is owing to the fact that, like Burns, she writes for the people. A very able reviewer says, "She loves nature as she loves humanity." "She has conquered. First among women of genius she stands to-day." One handsome volume, with portrait. Price, $1 75. Mailed, postpaid, by the publishers, ROBERTS BROS, Boston.

$3000. AGENTS WANTED. $10 made from $1. Call and examine an invention needed by everybody. No experience necessary. Business light, situation permanent, employment immediate.
C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New street, New York.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A LAXATIVE MEDICINE.

Perhaps no one medicine is so universally required by everybody as a cathartic, nor was ever any before so universally adopted into use, in every country and among all classes, as this mild but efficient purgative pill. The obvious reason is, that it is a more reliable and far more effectual remedy than any other. Those who have tried it, know that it cured them; those who have not, know that it cures their neighbors and friends, and all know that what it does once it does always—that it never fails through any fault or neglect of its composition. We have thousands upon thousands of certificates of their remarkable cures of the following complaints, but such cures are known in every neighborhood, and we need not publish them. Adapted to all ages and conditions in all climates; containing neither mercury or any deleterious drug, they may be taken with safety by anybody. Their sugar coating preserves them ever fresh and makes them pleasant to take, while being purely vegetable no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

They operate by their powerful influence on the internal viscera to purify the blood and stimulate it into healthy action—remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other organs of the body, restoring their irregular action to health and by correcting, wherever they exist, such derangements as are the first origin of disease.

Minute directions are given in the wrapper on the box, for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure.

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the Stomach and restore its healthy tone and action.

For Liver Complaint and its various symptoms, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Green Sickness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fevers, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For Dysentery or Diarrhœa, but one mild dose is generally required.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back and Loins, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Suppression a large dose should be taken as it produced the desired effect by sympathy.

As a Dinner Pill, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels into healthy action, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A REPOSITORY OF

FASHION, PLEASURE AND INSTRUCTION.

HARPER'S BAZAR, the publication of which has just been commenced by Harper & Brothers, is an Illustrated Weekly Journal, devoted to Fashion and Household Literature.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. By arrangements which the Publishers have perfected, at great cost with the most celebrated European Fashion Journals—particularly with the well-known *Bazar* of Berlin—Illustrations of Fashions for each week of the year will appear in Harper's Bazar simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin: an advantage which will belong exclusively to this Journal.

In a country where *Three Hundred Millions of Dollars* are annually expended for dry-goods, to be transformed into Articles of Dress, trustworthy and practical instructions as to the most tasteful and economical methods of fashioning these articles become of the greatest value to American women. The Bazar will contain full and explicit Instructions, with Illustrations, which will enable every Lady Reader to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with a large portion of her husband's. Each alternate Number will be accompanied with large Pattern Plates containing from Forty to Fifty full-sized Patterns, applicable to every article of wardrobe made in the family, with the necessary Directions for cutting and making. Similar Illustrations and Descriptions of Fancy Work will also be furnished. These Patterns will be executed in Paris and Berlin, and will surpass anything of the kind hitherto produced in this country. Frequently an elegant Colored Fashion Plate will be presented with the paper. Practical Descriptions will also be given of the Fashions especially in vogue in New York—the centre of Fashion America.

Harper's Bazar, besides being the leading Fashion Journal this country, will also aim to present before its readers the ver best specimens of Household Literature. It will contain origina and selected Serial Stories and Poetry, Novelettes, Articles on the Topics of the Day (excluding Politics), on Books, Art, Morals, Familiar Science, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, Housekeeping, Gardening, with Home and Foreign Gossip. No subject of household interest will be excluded from its columns.

In the first Number of the Bazar will be commenced a Novel, entitled "The Cord and the Creese; or, The Brandon Mystery," by James De Mille, Esq., Author of "The Dodge Club." This Novel has been read in manuscript by several of our most competent critics, who unanimously pronounce it, in point of interest of plot, variety of adventure, and graphic delineation of character, to be fully equal to any of the novels of Wilkie Collins.

Harper's Bazar will contain 16 folio pages, of the size of Harper's Weekly, printed on superfine calendered paper, and will be published weekly, at ten cents per single Number, or Four Dollars per Year.

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* First Six Numbers of Harper's Bazar *upon written application to the Publishers.*

Postage, Five Cents for Three Months.

Single Subscribers will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year 1868, which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.

An Extra Copy will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at Four Dollars each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for Twenty Dollars.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

Franklin Square, New York, October, 1867.

IMPORTANT

TO BOTH OLD AND YOUNG.

PEARSON & CO.'S

CIRCASSIAN HAIR REJUVENATOR,

THE BEST HAIR DRESSING IN THE WORLD

IS NOW OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

In two weeks it restores the hair, at any period of life, to its original color, giving it all its youthful softness and luxuriance.

ITS CLEANSING PROPERTIES ARE TRULY MAGICAL, removing in a few days all scurf or dandruff, all irritations or soreness of the scalp.

Thousands of testimonials can be furnished by the Proprietors,
J. S. PEARSON & CO.,
No. 286 Jay street, Brooklyn,

without whose signature none is genuine.

For sale by all druggists and hair-dressers generally.

COAL DEPOT,

1216, 1218 and 1220 WASHINGTON AVENUE,

PHILADELPHIA.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish, at the shortest notice, the best qualities of Coal for domestic use, delivered to any part of the city. Now is the time to buy cheap. WM. STILL.

THE RADICAL:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO RELIGION

EDITED BY S. H. MORSE.

The general purpose and character of this work may be sufficiently indicated in its title. It is proper, however, to add the following statement: The Radical furnishes a medium for the freest expression of thought on the questions that interest earnest minds in every community. Not having to consult denominational or party interests, it can consistently enforce the lessons of intellectual freedom and self-dependence. Confiding more in the natural force of Ideas for the progress and melioration of society, than in the good offices of the best disposed institution; in the Divine Spirit of Liberty steadily burning in the soul of man, rather than in the wisest prescriptions of political or ecclesiastical art; we are ambitious, by the discussion of ideas and